Where?

Where does the winter stay?
With the little Esquimaux,
Where the frost and snow-flake grow?
Or where the white bergs first come out,
Where circles make haste to sprout,
Where the winds and storms begin,
Gathering the crops all in,
Among the ice-fields far away?

Where does the summer stay?
In distant sunny places,
Where they spin the cocoa thread,
Where the generous trees drop bread,
Where the lemon groves give alms,
And Nature works her daily charms,
Among the rice-fields far away.
—*Mary N. Prescott in St. Nicholas.*

The Lost, Lost Days.

Aye, happy are the nodding flowers
That, tasseled hang from yonder tree;
Their trees all beauty, wear their gold
In summer crowns of purity.
But man, oh, man, what costly tears
Below thy cradle, as thy grave;
What griefs enseam thy course of years
And break the rest we vainly crave.
I fain would be the nodding flowers,
Which one bright summer morn arrays,
Then in a wintry noon of life
Sit down to count the lost, lost days!

Aye, happy are the bursting buds,
Aye, happy are the birds of song;
'Tis only man whose discontent
Disturbs the earth with railing tongue.
He censures for childhood's artless joys,
And youth's and manhood's visions fled;
While by the embers of old age,
He mumbles only of the dead.
Whence is it that frail man alone
Should fill the earth with grievous lay
Always a story of regret.
And wasted life, the lost, lost days!

Pause, listen to that singing bird.
He trills not for a vague applause;
He but obeys his Master, God,
And sings in cadence with His laws.
I hate the bitter laws of art,
Melodious fraud that fills our ears;
The servile school where men are taught
To mould in song pretended tears,
I fain would be like bird who sings
With fearless throat, his honest lays,
Nor heeds nor knows to-morrow's dawn,
Nor yet regrets the lost, lost days.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"I am not sure that it redounds much to our credit. I will tell it, however, as a warning."

So our guest answered an inquiry made by a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat conceited member of the little party gathered together one winter evening around our dining-table.

"Hang the credit!" that person replied. He was rather uplifted, for he thought he had that evening won distinction in the sight of a lovely pair of eyes, then wasting their sweetness in the drawing-room. The owner of the lovely eyes had been a widow for some years; she was rich, elegant and clever. There was a humorous wrinkling about the mouth of our middle-aged guest, as he answered:

"Hang the credit! So I can say now with a light heart. Then the credit was of more importance to me. However, you shall judge. You have heard," he went on, turning to the gentleman who headed the table, "that in the early days of our settlement we were a wild lot. Large fortunes had been made by the first settlers; and it got abroad at home that gold was to be had simply for the asking. Adventurers poured in. The native war brought in adventurers of another kind—men whose lives had been played out in the old country, and who were ready for any kind of devilry. Oh! I can assure you there was at times a singular collection in the settlement. I could tell you one or two tales that would surprise you. This, however"—turning to the person whose remark had provoked his tale—"is not of so desperate a character."

You must understand that, at the time of which I speak—things are much changed now—we had neither library, nor theater, nor concert-room, and were thrown now and then, to queer devices for killing time. Some few of us took up with practical jests but, after a time, even these palled. Every one in our community became so wide-awake that the most artfully-constructed scheme broke down. If it did succeed, on the other hand, the vengeance taken was so dire as to be alarming. We were sorely in need of a patient butt.

It happened that, at this time, a young solicitor whom fortune had not favored at home, inking it into his head that competition was slaying his talent, determined to try his fortune among us. He was certain—and he was not far wrong—that in such a community cases for litigation would abound.

He was slightly acquainted with one of my friends, and wrote to him of his intention, asking him at the same time to be so kind as—in the poor fellow's own words—"just to let the people know, you know, that I am coming."

The letter was shown about, and that same evening my friend and I, with two or three others whom we let into our secret, went out together, armed with large pieces of chalk. In the morning there was much questioning in the community, for on every bit of boarding, every blank wall and gate, was posted up in gigantic letters: "He is coming."

Again and again were the notices expunged by indignant householders. Again and again were they impudently reproduced. The police were set on the watch; we either bribed or bribed them. People began to think that there was something mysterious in the business. We, of course, kept our own counsel, and, at last, one fine morning, a second advertisement appeared. It was to this effect—"He has come."

In the interval our friend had heard again. "I shall arrive by steamship Benares," our solicitor wrote. "I hope you have let the people know." We had let the people know to some purpose. It began to be rumored abroad that a joke was on foot, and the whole community flocked to the landing-place.

To preserve the delusion we had paved the jetty with scarlet cloth, and decorated it with flowers. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor, my friend and I put off in a small boat to receive and bring to shore our distinguished guest.

He was a small, delicate looking man, with a face as refined as that of a woman. I had slight prickings of compunction when I met him. He was so delightfully frank and confiding. "I say," he said to his friend, as we neared the decorated landing-place, "do they expect any swell?"

"They expect you, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I let people know, you know."

"You must be a jolly hospitable set. But what am I to say to them all?"

"No necessity to say anything. Just bow as you pass through."

"Oh! I scarcely like—"

"You must, my dear fellow, you must. Not to acknowledge this brilliant reception would stamp you at once as a churl."

The young fellow's color rose. He was as shy and sensitive as a girl, but rather than appear ungrateful he would have gone through any ordeal, and presently—oh, dear! I can see it now—he was stepping out on the scarlet cloth and bowing graciously to his right hand and his left.

No need for us to wink and nod behind his back. It was understood that a butt was being brought into the community. The bows were gravely returned; and as, like an honorable bodyguard, we formed round the new-comer to escort him to his hotel, the crowd that had gathered to receive him fell into procession behind us.

It was the cold season, and we called on him the next morning to take him for a ride. He was full of his pleasant reception, and anxious to become personally acquainted with those who had so interested themselves in him.

"Oh! you'll know them soon enough," my friend said. "Shouldn't wonder if you find when you go back, that half the community has been calling on you." And sure enough, when he returned, there was his table heaped high with visiting cards. His eyes glistened.

"I've heard that people abroad were hospitable," he said, "but, upon my word, this kind of thing I didn't expect."

My friend glanced over the heap of cards.

"Ah!" he said, "The most influential names. They don't often call on newcomers. I suppose you impressed them favorably yesterday. Sharp set of fellows, too! You had better lose no time in returning their civility."

"I will make my return calls this afternoon," he said, warmly. "Can you give me an idea of the addresses?"

"No need. Everybody knows everybody here. You have only to ask. I wish I could accompany you, but I shall be busy this afternoon."

"So shall I," said I, "but we will look in upon you later."

"Oh! and stay to dinner, do!" replied our young friend, and we readily agreed.

To one of us, as it happened, the offer of a dinner was not a thing to be lightly treated.

We were not surprised when, at the proper hour, we made our appearance, to see the young new-comer look weary and depressed. He brightened when he saw us.

"So kind of you to come!" he said. And presently—"Either I must be stupid at understanding directions, or everybody does not know everybody in your settlement. Such a wild-goose chase as I have this afternoon!"

"What!" cried my friend with well-assumed surprise. "You didn't find them?" And his voice so clearly commented, "You must be a foolish fellow!" that the young man's color rose.

"I must have another try," he said.

"But was not this strange? I showed one of the names to a member of your police force. He directed me to the road leading out of the settlement, and I walked on for about an hour, expecting of course to reach some house. All at once I found myself at the cemetery."

My friend laughed. "That man was a wag; not a doubt of it. However, wait a few days till you know the place better."

As you may have guessed, more than half the cards, dropped by our orders at the young man's door, bore the names of men either dead or departed. But a long time passed before he found this out; he might have never found it out at all, but for—however, I must not anticipate.

To give in detail the practical jokes we played on our new-comer would be impossible. One I must tell you, for it very nearly had a tragic ending.

Two or three of us had started with him on a shooting trip up the river. It had pleased one of us, his first friend, to feign a deep melancholy, from which our new-comer sought in vain to rouse him. The young fellow spoke to me in private on the subject. "Our friend," he said "ought to be watched. Men in his state of mind have been known to do strange things." I, of course, encouraged his fear. We were neither of us then much surprised when, one evening, the melancholy man, after hastily wringing our hands and murmuring that "it could be borne no longer," leaped into the river. What followed helped me afterward to understand the sequel of this story. Without a moment's hesitation that brave young fellow threw off his coat and boots, and dived after his friend. He was not a strong swimmer, however, and that little trick was near being our last. When we fished him up he was half drowned.

He rose in our estimation from that moment, though it was not in the nature of things that we could give up our diversion, and we were still plotting against him peace when hazard called me away from our settlement to a little place at some distance. I went willingly, for the house at which I was to be entertained was presided over by a young lady whom it always gave me great pleasure to meet. She was the daughter of the merchant I went to see; a bright, clever and intelligent girl, and to my taste peculiarly handsome. It had struck me, moreover—no harm in confessing it now; there is an age, you know, when we read volumes in a smile—it had struck me then that the beautiful Eleanor Hartley had a special kindness for me.

But on this occasion it seemed to me that something was wrong with Miss Eleanor. She sustained her part in the conversation only with effort. She was languid and depressed.

"This detestable climate is telling on her," was my conclusion, and I outdid myself in my efforts to be amusing.

At such times, as we know—if, that is to say, we are not born talkers, like our friends of the Emerald isle—there comes the moment when everything is used up. Neither joke, nor pun, nor lively anecdote will visit the distressed brain. Nothing remains but to choose between naked commonplace and doleful silence. To me, one evening at dinner, such a moment came. Up to that time (for our host was a silent man) I had done all the talking, and Miss Eleanor's eyes had often mutely thanked me. I could help her now no longer. In the silence that followed on this dreary conception she raised her gentle voice. What a plaintive look there was in her face! How hard she was trying to be animated; and how I felt for her! Happy thought! Had I been alone I should have cut a caper. It struck me all at once that I had not yet told them about our new-comer and the tricks which we had played upon him. This, if only properly managed, would afford of food for laughter and amusement for days.

"Oh! by the by," I began, "I have not told you about the new fellow who arrived at our place the other day."

Certainly Miss Eleanor's eyes were fixed on me with an interest such as she had not hitherto accorded to any of my stories, and, thus encouraged, I proceeded boldly, telling them, only with much more gusto, what I have just told you, about the letters and advertisements, the dead men's cards and the false suicide. I was so much taken up with my own cleverness that I did not notice the way in which my story was being received by my hostess. Judge, then, of my astonishment and dismay when, as I ended with an inane little chuckle, she suddenly burst out:

"And you call yourselves men! Do you know what I call you?"

"My dear Nellie!" said her father.

I was speechless. She fixed her eyes on my face, and the position, I assure you, was a singularly uncomfortable one.

"I call you cowards," she went on, "and—and—" evidently she was at a loss for an expressive word.

"Miss Hartley," I said, deeply penitent, "if—"

"Pray say no more," she answered coldly. "Papa, I will leave you to your coffee."

I did not see her again during my stay, which, as you may guess, was not prolonged beyond the time absolutely necessary. This abrupt and mysterious interruption of an acquaintanceship that had promised to prove interesting cut me up more than I can well express.

I returned to my own quarters, where, as I presently found, events of an exciting character were under discussion. Miss Hartley, I was told, had come to pay a visit to her married sister, who lived in our settlement. As we were not cheered by the presence of any unmarried ladies, this was, of course, an occurrence of the first magnitude. But further, a large dinner was to be given at our club, to which all the ladies and our new-comer were invited. He had been persuaded that the dinner was given in his honor, and was to be beguiled into making a speech, from which much fun was expected. I threw cold water on this scheme. I was afraid, you see, that Miss Hartley would see in it another malicious trick and be further incensed against me. But once a ball of such sort is set rolling, it requires a hand of peculiar force to stop it. Mine was not able for the feat, and my friends arranged their plan of action without me. After all, I think I was not sorry that he should make a fool of himself publicly before Miss Eleanor. It would be sure to destroy any sentimental liking she might have for him, so I held my peace, and the eventful day came on.

How nervous I was that evening! I remember I was obliged to call in the assistance of one of my friends to adjust my necktie, and he was obliging enough to tell me that I looked as yellow as a guinea. A comfortable assurance truly, when I had wished to look my very best, for I had not seen Miss Hartley since my unlucky story, and I wanted to make my peace with her. But when, with an apology on my lips, I drew near the sofa where she was sitting, I found, to my infinite regret, that no apology was necessary. She was as friendly in her manner as ever. She was exquisitely dressed that evening in—well, I can't exactly say what—some dead white material, that fell in delicious folds about her stately figure. That girl could always dress herself to perfection. She looked superb. Beyond a doubt, she was the queen of the party; certainly we all felt as proud of her as if each one of us had been her father or brother. She did not speak to our new comer, and this relieved me. But at the dinner-table I felt a little more uneasy. She and he sat at opposite corners of the table. It seemed to me that she was quietly watching him, from time to time, and at such moments there was in her face a wonderful light of happiness and pride. I understood it all presently.

The long dinner passed dessert was on the table; the usual toasts had been given and responded to. Then my friend rose, and in a few serious words which, as some of us knew, veiled a real irony, proposed the health of the youngest man at the table, our distinguished guest, whose arrival had been so long anticipated and so eagerly hailed.

All drank the toast, and there followed an awful pause. Every eye, Eleanor Hartley's among the number, was fixed on our new comer. He rose to his feet, and I ventured to glance at her. All was explained.

Oh, woman, what a strange being you are! Soft and yet triumphant was the beautiful face of our queen. She was bending a little forward; her eyes glistened; you would have said that she was listening to some exquisite melody.

About him, too, there was a change. I was excited, and, of course, what I saw and heard was colored in my mood, but I could have declared that the young man's form had expanded, and that an indescribable dignity had crept into his gestures. He stood upright, his voice was clear and unfaltering; he did not shrink from, he rather courted, the multitude of glances that were bent on him. As for his speech—sir, I have knocked about pretty much, as you know, and now and then at dinners and elsewhere I have knocked up against distinguished men, but I have never heard a speech to match this one. In substance it was a review of the time he had spent in the settlement. To hear him one might have believed that he had seen through our practical jests from the first, and, while seeming to be their victim, had been quietly amusing himself at our expense. Its manner, the delicate irony, the wit, the forcible piquancy, I should be glad indeed to reproduce, but of such an effort I am incapable. Here was a turning of the tables! My friends were bewildered; those not in our secret applauded vociferously. I alone knew who it was had planned this triumph; and I was not surprised when, a few days later, it was rumored abroad that Eleanor Hartley and our new comer were engaged to be married. Rumor, for once, told a true tale. Before that cold season was over I was invited by Eleanor Hartley's father to his daughter's wedding.

"And I would wager," said the gentlemen who had asked for the story, "that my lady kept him in order."

"On the contrary," replied our guest, "she was a model among wives—devoted, adoring. I believe she thought that man half divine. Well, poor fellow! he was always delicate, and, after two or three years of happiness, he died."

"And his wife?"

"I think you have met her."

"What! She cannot be—"

"I see that you have guessed. Thank me for giving you a peep into the character of Eleanor Walthingham."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A Cold Winter Foretold.

The muskrat has been heard from just in time to prevent embarrassing mistakes. His architecture is of the lofty, Mansard roof variety, indicating plenty of cold to the square inch during the winter. Now, stock up your wood piles, for this is a sure thing.—*Sauk Rapids Press.*

The mountains are full of yellow jackets this summer. They sting the horses and cattle till the poor animals become furiously desperate. They gather about a person in the woods, as would a swarm of mosquitoes. If you let them crawl over you and bite pieces of flesh out of your hands and neck without attempting to brush them off they will not sting you. The average human being, however, feels irresistibly inclined to brush them off, and so gets unmercifully stung. Trout fishing has some days been unendurable, because a myriad of yellow jackets would cluster around the fisherman, and for every nibble received from the trout they would give him a dozen bites. Woodmen or railroad men who have happened upon nests have been stung so badly in instances, they were unable to work for a day or two. The butchers are compelled to feed these wasps with refuse meat in a certain portion of the shop, in order to keep them from covering the cutting blocks. There are hundreds and thousands and millions of them everywhere in the mountains around Truckee. They effectually kill off the flies. It is rare sport to watch their maneuvers when catching flies. They swoop down upon their victim as a hawk does upon its prey. Their aim is generally unerring, and the fly is carried off to the yellow jacket's nest. It is said to be an old and true saying among backwoodsmen that the more yellow jackets there are, the harder will be the winter. This being true, the winter will be about 5,000 times more severe than any of its predecessors. Thermometers will be entirely inadequate to mark the cold, and snow-plow men will not lack employment.—*Truckee Republican.*

A woman hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves" put up some, but afterward told a neighbor they were not fit to eat, and she might as well have thrown her sugar away.

SNAKES IN HORSES' EYES.

Several Instances of this Kind on Record what the Horsemen Say About It.

A horse was recently discovered in Philadelphia which has excited much interest owing to the fact that he has a snake in his eye. The reptile is described as about three inches long, as big round as a pin, white in color, and without the aid of any artificial means can be plainly seen wriggling and twisting and swimming about within the ball of the eye, like a fish in an aquarium. The horse was raised near Rochester, N. Y. The "snake" in his eye was discovered twenty-one weeks ago last Sunday. It was then considerably smaller than it is now, but there has been no perceptible increase in its size during the past five weeks.

Mr. I. H. Flint, of this borough, says that when he lived in Bucks county, some years ago, his hostler called his attention to one of his horses, which was similarly troubled. The hostler regarded it as curious but not important, as the horse was not unfavorably affected. The snake was very small and white and could be plainly seen swimming on the lymphatic or liquid portion of the organ, apparently within the pupil and behind the cornea. It did not affect the animal's eyesight, either at that time or afterward, and Mr. Flint did not regard it as a matter of sufficient moment to be investigated. The horse retained his health, and he neither knows how the snake came there nor how it disappeared.

The medical authorities are divided in opinion as to the cause of these snakes or, rather, worms. Parasites of this kind are found in the tissues of many animals, and in the hog they are often so numerous as to render the flesh unfit for food. An instance is cited of a round worm, peculiar to the horse, which was found in the anterior chamber of a horse's eye as far back as sixteen hundred and something. Other instances are on record, but they are very rare. How the worm gets there has never been satisfactorily determined.

Judge Francis Hopkinson read a paper in the Philosopical society at Philadelphia on September 26, 1783, in which he says:

"A report prevailed last summer that a horse was to be seen which had a living serpent in one of its eyes. This worm was of a clear white color, in size and appearance much like a piece of white bobbin; it seemed to be from two and a half to three inches in length, which, however, could not be exactly ascertained, its whole length never appearing at one time, but only such a portion thereof as could be seen through the iris, which was greatly dilated. The creature was in a constant, lively, vermicular motion, sometimes retiring so deep in the eye as not to be seen at all, and at other times approaching so near to the iris as to become plainly and distinctly seen; at least so much of it as was within the field of the iris. I could not distinguish its head, neither end being perfectly exhibited whilst I viewed it; and, indeed, its motion was so brisk and constant as not to admit of so nice an examination.

"The horse's eye was exceedingly inflamed, swollen and running—I mean the muscles contiguous to the eyeball—and he seemed to be in great pain; so that it was with difficulty the eye could be kept open for more than a few seconds at a time, and I was obliged to watch favorable moments for a distinct view of his tormentor.

"I believe the horse was quite blind in that eye, for it appeared as if all the humors were confounded together, and that the worm had the whole orb to range in; which, however, was not of a diameter sufficient for the worm to extend to its full length, as far as I could discover. The humors of the eye were beginning to grow opaque, like a chilled jelly, and soon afterward became altogether opaque, we are informed."

Some of the most experienced horsemen in Norristown say that while small worms are occasionally found inside of the eyeball they never heard of one being found in the eye. The late Dr. Jones, of this borough, once extracted a small red worm from a horse's eye, but it had suddenly entered from the outside. In all cases where the worms have remained any time the eyes have become very sore.—*Norristown Herald.*

Marshal Saxe and the Blacksmith.

Marshal Saxe, the most famous general of the last century, prior to the appearance of Frederick the Great, was a man of remarkable bodily strength, of which he was far prouder than even of his well-earned fame as a commander. To astonish those around him by straightening a horse-shoe, or bending a bar of iron, was his greatest delight; and for a time his superiority in this respect was as unquestioned as his skill in war. At length, when a brief armistice between the French and English armies enabled the marshal to invite some of the British officers to dine with him, he entertained his guests by untwisting the links of a chain, and challenging them to do the like. The English general modestly disclaimed any pretension to rival his excellency's strength, but added that there was a Flemish blacksmith in one of the adjacent villages who might perhaps be capable of doing so. Saxe, kindling up at the bare thought of any man presuming to be as strong as himself, eagerly inquired where this athlete was to be met with, and riding thither next morning with several of his officers, bade the smith bring out one of his best horse-shoes. The man obeyed, but Saxe broke it with one wrench of his powerful hands, and treated a second and a third in like manner. "This is but poor gear of yours, my friend," said he; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose it must be paid for." So speaking, he threw him a French crown. The smith took it between his finger and thumb, and cracked in two like a wafer. The marshal produced a second and third, which shared the same fate. "This is but poor money of yours, mein herr," said the smith, grinning; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose the cracked money must pay for the broken horse-shoes." The officers could not restrain their laughter, and Saxe, although somewhat mortified at having met his match, at last showed his appreciation of the smith's performance by enlisting him as farrier to the headquarters staff.

Charles Lamb vs. a Dog.

Charles Lamb's enjoyment of a long ramble, and his (usually) excellent powers of walking, are here denoted. He was so proud of his pedestrian feats and indefatigability that he once told the Cowden Clarkes a story of a dog possessed by a pertinacious determination to follow him day by day when he went forth to wander in the Enfield lanes and fields; until uneudurably teased by the pertinacity of this obtrusive animal, he determined to get rid of him by fairly tiring him out! So he took him a circuit of many miles, including several of the loveliest spots round Enfield, coming at last to a by-road with an interminable vista of up-hill distance, where the dog turned tail, gave the matter up and lay down benath a hedge panting, exhausted, thoroughly worn out and dead beat, while his defeater walked freshly home, smiling and triumphant.

She Wouldn't Understand Him.

Coming down on the K. and D. M. R. R., the other day, a benevolent old gentleman, finding the car crowded, ambled up to a woman who was occupied by a baby, and in return was occupying two seats, one for herself and the infant to sit on, the other, with the back turned, for a bandbox and a few of the inevitable parcels which a woman always carries, because she always buys valises too small to hold what she wants to travel with, or travels with so many wants that she can't find valises enough to hold them.

The benevolent old gent ambled up to this woman, made his best bow, laid his hand on the seat facing her, and asked if it was occupied. The woman's look, as she glanced at the bandbox and parcels, said that it was, but her voice said "No," and the b. o. g., not being accustomed to reading looks, slid into the seat and beamed pleasantly on the lady. Presently silence grew monotonous, and the elderly individual, amid the clatter of the wheels and the rattle of the rain, spoke up and said:

"How old is your baby, mum?"

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, with a cold stare, "I can hold it myself."

The benevolent old gent was annoyed and slightly confused, but he recovered himself and said:

"Just so. I don't doubt that. I was inquiring about the number of years that's passed over its little head."

"Its ears," shrieked the woman, as she glared fiercely at the old man. "Its ears don't pass over its little head. They are not as large as yours, you"—

"Gracious goodness! madam," said the old gentleman, wishing he might slide out and be unobserved. "I—you misapprehend me; I simply asked the young person's age."

"Young person. Person. You. Oh you old brute. Call my baby a person. Oh, where's the conductor, where's the brakeman, send for the engineer, send for—"

"The deuce!" jeaculated the old man, breaking out in a cold sweat and for the smoking car. And his remark sounded so peculiar that somehow everybody smiled.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A Blast-Furnace in Central Africa.

Mr. Stanley gives the following account of the manufacture of iron from ore on the banks of the Lualaba river in Central Africa, in his book "Through the Dark Continent:"

At Wane Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad-bladed spears of Southern Ureggs, and the equally broad knives, of all sizes from the small waist-knife an inch and a half in length to the heavy Roman sword-like cleaver. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay raised into a mound about four feet high. A hollow is then excavated in it, two feet in diameter and two feet deep. From the middle of the slope four apertures are excavated into the base of the furnace, into which are fitted funnel-shaped earthenware pipes to convey the blasts to the fire. At the base of the mound a wide aperture for the hearth is excavated, penetrating below the furnace. The hearth receives the dross and slag. Close by stood piled up mat-sacks of charcoal, with a couple of boys ready to supply the fuel; and about two yards off was a similar smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, warhatches, spears, knives, leglets, armlets and iron beads, etc. The art of the blacksmith is a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats, that from one generation to another something has been communicated and learned, showing that even the jungle man is a progressive and improvable animal.

Words of Wisdom.

In every human countenance is either a history or a prophecy.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend.

Would'st thou know the true worth of time? Employ one hour.

Happiness only begins when wishes end, for then content comes.

The world is up-hill when we would do, down hill when we suffer.

There is real love just as there are ghosts; every person speaks of it, few persons have seen it.

We should gain more by letting the world see what we are than by trying to seem what we are not.

Among those who labor for future happiness, he is greatest who lives well in his own household.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—*Robert Herrick.*

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of characters; even that of disinterestedness.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

That family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not unfaithfully, and spend in a way that produces no repentance.

The mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, therefore, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.

Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valor, which should be lifted up to such a height that holding all things under itself it should be able to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries.

Expressing the Message.

A writer to the Boston *Traveller* tells how the President's message was once, before the days of railroads, "expressed" from Providence to Boston—a distance of forty-two miles—in one hour and forty minutes.

It was done in this way. Post-boys were stationed along every mile. The message was tied around a whip-stick; the fleetest horses were selected, and the best riders. As the post-boy saw the messenger coming he started, got his own horse well going, and as the messenger overtook him he rode alongside, grasped the whip and urged his own horse to his highest speed; at the end of the mile delivering to the next. And so the process was repeated, the entire forty-two miles.

The message in the case was carried in about the time it takes the regular mail to go on the train between the two cities.

"How quiet and lovely!" remarked the tourist. "Surely, this might be a spot the poet had in mind when he said: 'Silence reigns.'" Guide: "Ah! and ye may say that same. And thunders, too, yer honor!"

The Humming Bird.

The appearance of the humming bird is utterly unlike that of any other living creature. We are admiring some brilliant and beautiful flower, when there suddenly appears before us a small, dark object suspended, as it were, between four short, black threads, meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; again, another instant, and, emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it is vanishing, lessening in the distance as it shoots away to a speck that the eye cannot take note of. Indeed, the little atom of life comes and goes with the rapidity of a gnat or a dragon fly. Audubon tells us that the small size of the ruby humming bird renders it impossible to follow its flight with the eye for more than fifty yards. A person standing in the garden will hear the humming of their wings, and see the little birds themselves within a few feet of him at one moment; the next they will be out of sight and hearing. Gould tells us that the tiny creature lives in the air, like a gnat or a butterfly. It often mounts up the towering trees, and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it will gently buzz among the flowers upon the ground. The next moment it is hovering over a diminutive weed, and then it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought. Prof. Wallace has devoted a considerable period to minute study of the habits of the humming bird, and has come to the conclusion that it is a tropical swift, or swallow, modified in a long course of many generations from its original ancestor, but retaining its old characteristics of an essentially insect feeder. It is true that down to the time of Buffon it was believed that the humming bird lived solely on the nectar of flowers, but since then it has been ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt that it feeds largely, and in some cases wholly, on insects. The birds have been seen in winter picking dead flies out of the webs of spiders. Bullock, in Mexico, and Waterton, in New Guinea, saw them catch small butterflies, and found their stomachs filled with insects. Those who have watched their habits have observed them sitting like fly catchers on a twig, darting off and returning. Mr. Goss, one of our most accomplished naturalists, tells us that all the humming birds have, more or less, a habit when in flight of pausing and quickly turning in the air. "That the object of these quick turns," he adds, "is the capture of insects I am sure, having watched one thus engaged pretty close to me. I observed it carefully, and distinctly saw the minute flies which it pursued and caught, and heard repeatedly the snapping of its beak. My presence scarcely disturbed it, if at all." Moreover, it seems that however long may be the bill of the adult humming bird, the young bird has a little, short, broad, triangular bill, like a swift. It is evident, in short, that the swift is, to use Mr. Wallace's words, a pure aerial insect hunter, and that its short, broad bill and wide gape are essential to its mode of life. The humming birds, on the other hand, at floral insect hunters. They seek their prey among the gorgeous masses of creepers that hang from bough to bough in the trackless forests of the tropics. They dart in and out between bud and leaf, between blossom and stalk, as the dragon fly flits among the sedge and bulrush. But the fiction that they subsist on honey and nectar alone must be banished, like other pretty fables, to the region of myth. The humming bird is as ravenous a creature in its way as the robin. No doubt a robin in winter, when the ground is hard with frost, will not despise bread crumbs; but his real delight is in a caterpillar, or a fat earth worm, or a little plump slug. Similarly the exquisite, dainty humming bird is a carnivorous being.—*London Telegraph.*

Glassware at the Paris Exposition.

The display of glassware in the exposition (writes a correspondent) can only be described as being almost superhuman. Such a wonderful crystal exhibit has never before been seen. The delicate workmanship and artistic taste shown in their decoration and forms has been greatly advanced in beauty—if such a thing were possible—by a new process, by which they are made to reflect the colors of the rainbow—this, too, by disregarding the principles by which the flat side of a prism or a precious stone is made to reflect those colors. In these specimens of brilliant glassware showing prismatic colors, there is no alteration of form for the purpose of producing that effect. But there is the magnificent temple made entirely out of cut glass, which is really a thing of beauty—one upon which the eye loves to rest. The height of this interesting specimen of crystal architecture is about sixteen feet. The dome itself is five feet in height and eight feet in diameter, supported by fluted glass columns, nine inches in diameter and ten feet in height, with carved caps and pedestals, fashioned like elaborately-finished Grecian marble columns. This temple is surrounded by a glass fence eighteen feet in diameter and thirty inches in height, composed of glass pillars on heavy glass pedestals or bases, supported by six glass posts, each thirty-two inches high twelve inches square, and surmounted by a richly shaped glass vase. The beauty of this temple cannot be described—it will have to be left to the vivid imagination to obtain a idea of its effect.

In the British department there were exhibited three glass vases, with black background and exquisitely raised white figures, beautiful beyond description. The prices of them respectively were $500, $4,200 and $12,500. In the French department were immense plate glasses, over half an inch thick, thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet high, so clear that one is apt to walk through them if not warned.

An Authentic Sea-Serpent Story.

A correspondent tells the following sea-serpent story in the Boston *Transcript*: In 1851 I was on the voyage from India to New York, and in the South Atlantic, the ship being becalmed, we saw a sea-serpent lying apparently asleep on the water something more than a mile away. It was some thirty feet long, with numerous curves or humps rising out of the water, and its large head and mane slightly raised. Its motion was only what was caused by the slight swell. The water was perfectly smooth but for the swell, and we could see the whole form and length of the monster with perfect distinctness.

If the ship had been making any headway we should have brough home a well-defined and authenticated story of the sea-serpent, for all hands saw it. Being calm we lowered a boat and pulled for it, quite up to it in fact, to find—a monstrous piece of kelp, two rods or more in length, tapering to the end, at least five inches in diameter at the thickest, and with something, either leaves or roots, which made, at the distance we first saw it, an excellent head and mane. We cut a section from the beast, which was about five or six inches in diameter as well as I can remember, and more than an inch thick, being hollow like a bamboo. As I said, at the distance of a mile it was as nice a specimen of the sea-serpent as any man ever saw.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A large number of counterfeit United States trade dollars are in circulation in New York.

Dr. Blodgett, a missionary in China, estimates the number of deaths by famine in North China at 10,000,000.

The prize for the best bale of cotton exhibited at Paris has been awarded to Memphis, Tenn. The same bale received a grand testimonial as being the best ever raised in the world.

Christopher Columbus has not altogether been forgotten. San Francisco, San Jose and other Pacific cities recently celebrated the 368th anniversary of the discovery of America.

Santanta, the noted Kiowa chief who was sent to the Texas penitentiary about 1871, found his confinement unendurable and, after failing to cut himself so that he should bleed to death, recently threw himself from the third-story porch of the hospital and accomplished his purpose.

At Jamaica, L. I., a man shot a quail in violation of the game law. His neighbors threatened to inform the authorities, but he got the start of them by going before a magistrate and himself lodging information against himself. He was fined ten dollars, which he paid. He then demanded half the fine for giving the information, and five dollars was returned to him.

At the Ophir mining shaft in Nevada, two streams of water of considerable size (about such as would flow through an inch pipe) are turned in near the top and allowed to fall to the bottom, a distance of over 1,500 feet. This shower of falling water not only greatly cools the air, but also forces it out into the 1,500-level and adjacent portions of the mine.

Swindlers have no hearts. Just as men have been found in this country mean enough to rob the yellow fever sufferers, so in England a number of rascals have been making money be-begging for subscriptions for the relief of the women and children made widows and orphans by the Princess Alice disaster. It is consoling to know that several of them who were caught received sentences which astonished them.

Postal cards give rise to peculiar troubles. A Rochester lumber dealer mailed a card to a discharged clerk, accusing him of swindling, and the clerk has obtained a verdict of $450 damages, based on the publicity of the charge while passing through the mails. A similar case is on trial in Pittsburgh, the plaintiff being a sewing machine agent, to whom his employer addressed an accusation of improperly retaining money. An Omaha clergyman publishes a card complaining that he frequently receives advertisments of wine printed on postal cards, and, as he is a total abstainer from strong drink, the impression might be wrongfully created that he is a buyer of the wine. A Boston landlady sends bills on postal cards to former boarders, accompanied by urgent requests for payment. One of the recipients began a suit against her for libel, but withdrew it, his lawyer advising him that, as the communication was a simple request to pay a just debt, he had no legal grievance. A Kansas City girl jilted her lover, and he retaliated by writing her amorous letters on postal cards. She did not invoke the law, but pulls rawhide in her pocket, lay in wait for her annoyer, and whipped him.

He Had His Suspicions.

An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Tuesday afternoon for nearly an hour, gazing around abstractedly. Finally he stopped a gentleman who was passing and inquired:

"Stranger, who am I; or, rather, where am I?"

"You are on Fourth street."

"I had my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm a stranger in the city—never was in St. Louis before."

And he started off, saying he had promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive—"a splendid chap."

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man well?"

"Just met him this morning—not intimately acquainted, you see; but he's one of the nicest fellows I ever saw." And he trudged away.

About six o'clock in the evening the gentleman happened to run across his spectacled friend again and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the old fellow raised his glasses slowly and remarked:

"Stranger, I have my suspicions. I lent this man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this afternoon and return the money, but he wasn't there, and the worst of it is, he is a minister of the gospel, at least he told me so, and he had a Bible. Good evidence, hey?"

"Well, my friend, you'll never get your money. You've been swindled by a sharper."

"Think so? I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about losing the money as meeting the old woman—she's up there in a boarding-house," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "I tell you, she's a mouser and will find it out. Then won't there be a muss, though? I have my suspicions."—*St. Louis Republican.*

"The Chance of the Fork."

In no towns in the world, perhaps, except those of China, is the value of little things better understood than in Paris, and particularly in that essentially Parisian branch of industry which caters for the hungry man. Even in the lowest quarters of Paris people must dine, just as they must in the boulevards and the Palais Royal; but the modes of dining are so different, that they might belong to two different worlds. The expensive dinner has often been described, and in these days of quick traveling, when Paris is only eight hours from London, dining there is as familiar as dining in London; but few people have ever penetrated into the nooks and corners where customers measure their appetites by centimes, and very frequently can only gratify them in an unpleasantly intermittent manner.

In these establishments, plates of meat can be had for two sous (a penny), and one of vegetables for a half-penny, while some of the meats combine with the chance of getting something good to eat, the thrilling possibility of getting nothing. This is playfully called *l'hasard de la fourchette* (the chance of the fork), and consists in the player taking one shot for his money with a two-pronged fork into a seething caldron, and bringing up whatever he is able to stick the fork into. An old hand often succeeds in landing a succulent fragment of something unknown, but a novice finds the coveted morsel evades the prong, and leaves him despondent and dinnerless.

A Chinese Dentist.

The native dentists are the merest charlatans, and practice as magicians and curealls. They insert artificial teeth of the sea-horse, which are kept in place by copper-wire wrappings or fastenings to the adjacent teeth, and charge about three cents per tooth for the operation. Teeth are extracted by a hocus-pocus process which the dental imposter calls "coming up." The method of extracting is this: The dentist applies a white powder, represented to be the salt extracted from the sweat of the horse. Dr. Eastlack found this white powder to be nothing more or less than arsenic, which

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Nov, 14 1878.

Hoyt is elected governor and Jack Kehoe feels much easier now. He knows he'll not hang. What a fine thing for a Mollie murderer to have the "old man at Harrisburg" on his side.

Frank Brown can now realize that the Reporter told him the truth, three weeks ago. Sorry you put your foot in it, Frank.

Jake Thomas' greenback seed didn't sprout, hence the failure in the crop. Well, Mr. Thomas was chairman of the little side-show, and there is something in that.

In the matter of Sheriff, the democrats did it up Brown last week, and the Curtin drops without any Deckeration.

The democrats and greenbackers of Huntingdon county have elected B. R. Foust and Rev. Doyle for Assembly. This is a snub for Cameron, as Huntingdon is a republican county.

Quigley, the independent candidate for Assembly in Clinton, is defeated by Eldred, democrat, by 26 majority. Clinton don't encourage independent disorganizers.

The Watchman is asking for some one to steal its list. Never mind, good neighbor, it will disappear fast enough.

Of the working of the Kehoe business the Pittsburg Post says: Luzerne (including Lackawanna) is reported 7,000 for Hoyt. This is astonishing, as the county gave Tilden over 3,000 majority two years ago. An explanation of it may be found in the secret operations of the Republican managers with the Mollie Maguires and other secret societies interested in saving Jack Kehoe from the gallows. This was the lever by which Hoyt made his great gains in the anthracite region. In 1875 he helped Hartranft through with this same class by the use of pardons and money, directly treating with Kehoe. It was only a reciprocal act of friendship, therefore, for Hartranft to swing the gallows before the ignorant and degraded as a way to make votes for Hoyt. Hereafter, in all important electoral struggles, we judge the Republicans will find it to their convenience and profit to have a Mollie under death sentence or in the States prison for trading purposes. It will become a recognized institution in our State politics. We know of men whose votes were influenced by Kehoe's peril, who could not be bought with money. The damning dishonor Hartranft has heaped on himself by this business, will consign his name to historic infamy. Already as he is about quitting the Governor's office, Republican journals are preparing to open their batteries on him for his share in the Kehoe conspiracy.

In an interview with a reporter of the New York Evening Post on Friday, relative to the cipher dispatches, Ex-Congressman Hewitt, who was chairman of the Democratic National Committe in 1876, said:

I never received any cipher despatches from Florida, and could not have translated them if I had.

I have examined the amount of expenditures made during the elector canvass with my knowledge or under my direction as Chairman of the National Committee, and find that during the whole period intervening between the day of the election and my resignation as Chairman on the 4th of March following, the whole amount did not exceed $15,000, and this amount consists of items which I am ready and willing to show. From beginning to end I resolutely refused to make any expenditure or to entertain any proposition looking to any expenditure designed to influence the vote of any Presidential elector.

Relative to the resumption of specie payments the Washington Star says that it can be stated on good authority that when the resumption of specie payment by the United States Treasury begins it will be a gold resumption and not a silver resumption, although if the run on the Treasury for gold in exchange for United States notes should come close to the amount of that coin in possession of the government, it is stated that a retreat may be made to silver. The coin balance in the Treasury yesterday at the close of business was $228,526,453 28. Of this amount about $137,000,000 was gold available for resumption. There are outstanding about $326,000,000 in United States notes to be redeemed if presented. The plates for the five and ten thousand dollar greenback notes are nearly completed and the notes will be ready for circulation by the day fixed for resumption. They are intended to do double duty—for convenience in handling large amounts of greenbacks and to take the place of coin certificates. Their size will be the same as that of the rest of the greenback currency.

Ben. Butler the mogul of greenbackism was defeated for governor last week—one of the good things among some of last week's bad results. But Butler will not be dead—he will turn up somewhere again to make a fuss and trouble—the fact is, it is questionable to us whether Butler ever will die. He is sent here only to bother somebody and make himself disagreeable to some people. He troubled the democracy once and voted 150 times in the Charleston convention for Jeff Davis, for president. Next he got to stealing silver ware and spoons in New Orleans. Then gets into the republican party and makes them wish the old Harry had him. Last he turns communist and greenbacker and kicks up a scare among all parties in Massachusetts. Just now Ben is on his way up Salt River.

And now where are the greenbackers?

The Bellefonte Herald says the radical meeting at Philipsburg was disgraced by drunkenness. Can't say any thing of the kind of any democratic meeting in this county.

The defeat of Butler in Massachusetts is occasion for congratulation among all good citizens who desire to see blatant demagogism and incitement to discord and disturbance in society rebuked.

Democratic greenbackers can now see it—they are the cause of Dill's defeat and 4 years more of Cameron sway in Pennsylvania.

Cameron is not yet out of danger. The democrats, greenbackers and anti-Cameron republicans can, if they will, organize the house of representives and defeat his election.

The slim vote of the National or Greenback party everywhere, and the meagre results from the exertions made to build it up as a power to supplant one or both of the old parties, will end the hopes of the agitators of the political heresy of an irredeemable currency. The whole movement has fallen flat.

OUR COUNTY.

That the democracy of old Centre came out of the late struggle without a broken bone or a black eye, is surprising, when we take into consideration the varied character of the opposition that was pitted against our ticket. We never knew an election where there was such a vicious opposition against the democratic ticket, as this year. We had to face the republicans, the greenbackers and a dissatisfied faction in our own party that plotted to ruin the party because it could not rule it and dictate its nominations. All these elements, aided by Cameron's money, were in the fight to defeat the democratic nominees in this county. Of the five political newspapers, the Reporter was the *only* one that was out and out for the triumph of our whole ticket. The ticket did triumph, thanks to the firm stand of those democrats who belong to the party *not for the sake of office, and who are democrats whether they get a nomination or not.*

Against at least four of the democratic nominees there was double teaming to defeat them.

The republicans, greenbackers and Meek centered on Yocum to defeat Curtin.

The same combination operated against Judge Mayer, yet he was elected.

The same strange combination sought to defeat our legislative ticket and elect Simler and Gramley, but failed also.

The same double team combination operated for the defeat of Adam Yearick for Treasurer and centered on Mr. Burket, but they also came out at the little end of the horn.

The democracy of Centre has been proof against double-teaming and the foulest treason in its own ranks.

It is a wonder that with such an opposition the democratic party not only saved its ticket, but saved it with near the ordinary majority too!

But democrats have learned to know whom to trust, and whom they have trusted too long and too well. Men who have been well served have been found traitors unless office was given them to keep them in the ranks.

We mistake the temper of the honest democratic voters if these ingrates have not been marked. The storm is over and the "independents" who violated sacred pledges, have been dashed upon the breakers through their own recklessness, while the democratic ship has safely ontridden the storm, and proven that it can get along quite well without those who have only been aboard for the sake of office and who were a continual source of trouble in the camp and a disgrace to the party.

The victory achieved by the democrats of Centre on Tuesday, 5, is the proudest in its history. It took hard work, and constant watching on the part of the faithful, and they have the gratification of seeing the campaign end with a glorious triumph. All honor to those gallant democrats who stood by our organization and maintained its integrity.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

By the late elections the Democrats gained Senators (in lieu of carpet-baggers) from South Carolina (Patterson), Florida (Connover), Arkansas (Dorsey), and probably from Nevada. The Republicans gained but one seat occupied by a Democrat—that of Senator Barnum of Connecticut. Conceding the Nevada Senator to the Republicans, the Senate after the 4th of March next, will stand Democrats 42, Republicans 33, Independents (Davis of Illinois), 1.

Should California elect as in the present House, the next House will be composed of 169 Democrats against 156 in the present; 124 Republicans against 127 in the present House, and six Nationals—all of whom but one were elected by the joint action of the Democrats and Nationals. The Democrats will have gained five votes, and the Republicans lost eleven.

In the matter of the vote of States in the House in case the election of President goes to the House in 1881, the Democrats have nineteen States, the Republicans seventeen, with California to elect. We will have the majority.

THE "INDEPENDENT" BUSINESS.

The failure of the "independent" business, at the polls, last week, should teach a wholesome lesson, viz: That when the democrats nominate a ticket fairly, the independent candidate is not wanted. There was nothing unfair in Charles A. Mayer's nomination and nothing in his private or official character, that warranted any democrat coming out independent—least of all one who had pledged himself to abide by the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

The same is true with reference to the democratic candidate for Sheriff, who was fairly nominated, and whose past record entitled him to the vote of every democrat. Let it be understood then, when candidates are fairly nominated by the democracy they mean to stand by the action of the convention. If this were not so, the party organization had better be disbanded. The "independent" candidate now finds himself checked for the very back woods of Salt river, and there let him politically perish. Selah.

B. O. D's "intellectual" Millheim Journal, growles because we mentioned hiring its columns for the use of republican Caldwell to defeat the democratic nominee for senator. It was nothing astonishing to us nor to any body else, for Ben always did flinch our party in time of need but it got along in spite of it all. There are fellows who only are democrats when the party is upermost and leave it when they think it is going into a minority. It's a pretty democratic sheet that will hire out its columns to defeat a democrat.

Better you had your Journal edited at New York than hire out its columns to be edited by radicals and for the defeat of a democratic senator. Not so?

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson is one of the new congressmen elect from Virginia.

The Herald, now that the election is over, intends to get out of politics. Who'll sing for greenbacks now?

The greenbackers have sold their second hand chairs and tables and shut up shop.

Where are the 3000 greenback voters in Centre county? Gone to see Charley Ross, suspect.

The greenback side-show having collapsed there is now room for another humbug.

Wolverton, democrat, is elected senator to succeed Dill. His majority is over 1600. Good, it is a rad district.

——The president has appointed Thursday Nov. 28 as Thanksgiving day Let turkey gobblers make their last will and testament.

Twenty anti-Camerom republicans in the legislature will make things lively for the son of his father.

The Democrats of Missouri have elected the entire Congressional delegation, except in the Ninth District, where Ford (Greenback-Rep. beat Rea (Dem.)

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

A CHAPTER IN REFERENCE TO THE CAREER OF A CENTRE COUNTY STATESMAN (?).

Now that the political campaign has ended, and people can once more look at matters from an intelligent and reasonable point of view, it may be well for the Democrats of Centre county to reflect as to the kind of man they have chosen for a leader and dictator—who he is that requires from regular candidates pledges that they will not, after election, support land grants and subsidies to corporations, and in case of refusal does all in his power through the columns of his paper, by personal effort and the use of money to defeat the party and *smash things* generally. We propose from time to time to regale the readers of the Reporter with occasional chapters gathered from the public career of this autocrat, and by way of introduction ask them to read carefully the following copy of a Bill in Equity on file in the Prothonotary's Office of Centre county, at Bellefonte, to No. 268 of August Term, 1876, which will explain itself. This bill has been on file over two years, and although the rules of Court require that it should be answered under oath within twenty days, or the facts will be taken as admitted, *no such answer has ever been filed.* It is no reckless statement of facts, but every fact is sworn to by a man whose veracity is unimpeachable. Democrats, read and ponder:

Between G. W. Welsh, Plaintiff, and P. Gray Meek, Defendant } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county

SITTING IN EQUITY.

TO THE HONORABLE THE JUDGES OF THE SAID COURT:—Your orator complains and says:

1st. That the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by an act entitled "An Act to incorporate The Big Sandy Run Improvement Company in Centre county, [illegible] 1870, pages 1443, &c., approved the eighth day of May, A. D. 1869, "created and made a body corporate in deed and in law by the name, style and title of The Big Sandy Run Improvement Company."

2d. That said Company was on or about the 11th day of September, A. D 1869, duly organized under said Act of Assembly.

3rd. That the capital stock of said corporation George W. Welsh, your orator, and one William L. Allen, who was then his co partner in a lumbering operation on the said Big Sandy Run, took one hundred and forty-five shares, of which seventy-two and one-half shares belong to your orator, and seventy-two shares and a half belonged to the said William L. Allen.

4th. That on or about the 11th day of September, A. D 1869, the said P. Gray Meek, was duly chosen Treasurer of said corporation, which position he held until the transfer of the stock and franchises of said Company to Messrs. Crider, Christ and Crider, as hereinafter mentioned.

5th. That your said orator did a large amount of work for said Corporation in the fall of the year 1869: that is to say, thirty-two days work on the dam and cribs belonging to said Company, worth two dollars and twenty-five cents per day, and eleven days and a half work with a team of horses on the same dam and cribs, worth five dollars per day; he also attended as a witness and paid witnesses for said Company in a suit brought by the Company against Saylor, Day and Morey, in the Court of Common Pleas of Clinton county, No. 85, September Term, A. D. 1870, for which services as witness and for said money paid witnesses, the said Company is indebted to your orator in the further sum of seventeen dollars, for which work, money and services the said Corporation has not paid your orator anything, nor has any one paid him.

6th. That sometime in the spring of the year, A. D. 1873, the whole stock and all the franchises of said Corporation were sold to Messrs. Crider, Christ & Crider: in making which sale and the transfer of the stock in said Corporation, the said P Gray Meek acted as the agent and trustee of your orator, and your orator signed papers to complete the transfer of his said stock at the instance and request of the said P. Gray Meek, who by letter to your orator under date of the 28th day of March, A. D. 1873, agreed that if your orator would sign certain papers enclosed in said letter to complete said assignment, he, the said P. Gray Meek, would secure to your said orator's interest in said Company and his said claims against the same, and would see that your orator should be paid the same in full; and your orator, relying upon said promises of said Meek, signed said paper enclosed in said letter, and thereupon returned said paper to said Meek as he had been requested to do by said Meek, by the use of which paper the said Meek was enabled to get the money hereinafter mentioned from the said purchasers of said stock and franchises.

7th. That as Treasurer of said Corporation and as agent and trustee of your orator as aforesaid the said P. Gray Meek has come into possession of divers sums of money, the property of the said stockholders and your orator as follows, to wit:

Cash received from said Saylor, Day and Morey, defendants in the suit aforesaid.....$ 553.96
Cash rec'd from Crider, Christ and Crider, purchasers of said stock as aforesaid.....$1200.00

8th. That he the said P Gray Meek has hitherto wholly failed and refused to account and pay over to your orator his part, proportion or share of said moneys, and though often requested so to do, and still refuses to pay the same to your said orator.

9th. That your orator is entitled to receive from P Gray Meek, as Treasurer of The Big Sandy Run Improvement Company, and as agent and trustee as aforesaid, the sum of about eight hundred and fifty dollars, with interest from the time the same became due, and owing to your orator.

10th. The said P. Gray Meek acknowledging that he has in his hands money received by him as aforesaid, belonging to your orator, claims to set-off against the same certain drafts which he, the said Meek holds, to wit:

Draft of Welsh & Allen on Wm. Parsons & Son, dated Sept. 24, 1869, for.....$ 333.33
Draft of Welsh & Allen on Wm. Parsons & Son, Dated May 24, 1869, for.....$ 333.33

11th. That the said P. Gray Meek was duly elected at the general election of 1868 to represent the County of Centre in the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania.

12th. That the said P. Gray Meek took his seat in said House of Representatives and acted as a member of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania during the legislative session of 1868-9.

13th. That while acting in his official capacity as such representative of the County of Centre in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, during said legislative session, the said P. Gray Meek was requested by your orator and the said Wm. L. Allen to have an act passed by the said legislature to incorporate The Big Sandy Run Improvement Company, whereupon the said P. Gray Meek then and there, on or about the 24th day of January A. D. 1869, demanded in consideration of his services as a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania in the premises, and as a condition precedent to the introduction by him, the said Meek, of the said proposed act to incorporate The Big Sandy Run Improvement into the said House of Representatives, and to secure the passage of the same by the said legislature, certain moneys from the said Welsh & Allen, whereupon, in order to obtain said desired legislation, it was then promised and agreed upon the part of the said Welsh & Allen, by William L. Allen, that he the said P. Gray Meek should have and receive the sum of *one thousand dollars* for having said act passed by the said legislature; that accordingly three drafts were drawn by the said William L Allen in the name of Welsh & Allen on William Parsons & Son, of Lock Haven, each for the sum of three hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents, and dated as your orator believes on or about the 24th day of January, A. D. 1869, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1869, and the 24th day of September, A. D. 1869, all which drafts were delivered to said P. Gray Meek and by him received on account of his services performed by him as a member of the legislature of the State of Pennsylvania in passing said act of incorporation.

14th. That at another time, to wit, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1869, the said P. Gray Meek demanded and received, in consideration of his said services as a member of the General Assembly aforesaid, in passing said act of incorporation, another sum of money, that is to say the sum of *four hundred dollars*, by a draft drawn by William L. Allen in the name of Welsh & Allen, on the said firm of William Parsons & Son, for said last mentioned sum, which last mentioned draft was accepted by the said William Parsons & Son, and by them duly paid to the said P. Gray Meek.

15th. That said drafts for three hundred and thirty three dollars and thirty-three cents each are still wholly or in part held by the said Meek.

16th. The two of said drafts, each for the sum of three hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents so held by the said Meek, he claims to set off against what he owes your said orator as aforesaid.

17th. That your orator protests and objects to said drafts, or any part thereof being charged to him by the said P. Gray Meek, or paid out of money belonging to your orator in the hands of the said Meek, the said drafts being without legal consideration and having been executed and delivered as before mentioned by said and received as before mentioned by the said P. Gray Meek while a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania for his official services as aforesaid, and therefore void in law.

Your orator therefore prays:

I. That the said P. Gray Meek may be commanded by order and decree of this honorable Court to count to your orator for all said moneys which have come into his hands and possession as aforesaid as Treasurer, agent and trustee as aforesaid.

II. That the said P. Gray Meek be directed by this honorable Court to pay your orator for the work, labor, money expended and services he did for said corporation as aforesaid.

III. That the said P. Gray Meek is directed to pay your orator such part of said moneys, as may be found in his hands as Treasurer, agent or trustee as aforesaid, as he, your said orator, is entitled to receive as vendor of his stock on said corporation as aforesaid.

IV. That your orator may have such further and other relief as the circumstances of the case may require and to your honors may seem meet.

S. D. BALL,
Att'y for Plaintiff.

CLINTON COUNTY, ss:

George W. Welsh, the aforesaid plaintiff, being duly sworn according to law doth depose and say that the facts stated in the forgoing bill are true so far as they are stated, upon the knowledge of the plaintiff, and so far as they are derived from information from other persons he believes them to be true.

GEORGE W. WELSH.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1876.

E. P. M'CORMICK,
Notary Public.

We do hereby certify that our client, the above mentioned plaintiff, George W. Welsh, by reason of his poverty is unable to pay for the printing of this bill, and for this reason it is filed without being printed.

S. D. BALL,
Att'y for Plaintiff.

HOW CURTIN WAS DEFEATED.

Besides the treachery of a few pretended democrats in this county, who did all they could to defeat Gov. Curtin by poisoning the minds of a few scores of democrats as to his soundness in the faith, and falsehoods and misrepresentations to get votes against him, there come well founded reports of fraudulent votes that were cast against him. In one township some 60 illegal votes were polled upon fraudulent tax-receipts; in another upwards of 40 votes were obtained upon forged naturalisation papers. This will suffice as to how it was done. Cameron was at the bottom of it all, and by using a few corrupt democrats, whose skirts are stained with usuality, the thing was accomplished.

The mumerings of the outraged democracy are loud and deep over the treason of a few in our county who aided Cameron, for Cameron's money, against Curtin and we mistake the temper of the indignant democracy of old Centre if these men do not go down with the stain of Benedict Arnold marked upon them. Men who have been long and well served, have betrayed you, democrats of Centre, and during the campaign just closed have worked night and day to breed disorganization in your ranks. Mark these disorganizers.

If the reported frauds can be proven beyond a doubt, then Gov. Curtin is the congressman, elect; and it is due the democracy who so nobly stood up for him, that a contest be made, and the seat awarded to the one who has a majority of the legal votes. We would not have Gov. Curtin take the seat, unless it can be clearly proven that he has a fair majority. Gov. Curtin is not the man either to accept of it upon any other ground. Gov. Curtin can live down this defeat; our people will feel proud of him long after the few wretches who sold themselves to Cameron will be forgotten.

JUDGE MAYER.

The best reply to Charley M'Cormick's charges against Judge Mayer, is given by the people of Clinton county, who gave Mayer 2000 votes at the primary election and M'Cormick 600. Again, at the general election, last week, Mayer received a handsome majority over M'Cormick. Judge Mayer can be satisfied with such a vindication. M'Cormick's campaign was very unbecoming one who wanted to be a Judge, and has greatly lessened him in the estimation of the people.

Judge Mayer's majority in the district will be near 1800—every county in the district giving a handsome majority in his favor. Judge Mayer needs no further vindication

SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

The following are the majorities for Alexander in this senatorial district:

Centre,	1187
Clearfield,	300
Clinton,	175
Total,	1662

TWENTIETH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

	Yocum	Curtin
Union (official) maj.	772	
Elk (reported) "		207
Mifflin " "		16
Centre " "		49
Clinton " "		301
Clearfield " "		120
	772	693

Yocum's majority 79.

THE STATE.

Hoyt's majority will be about 1700 over Dill. Hoyt will be a minority governor, as Dill and Mason together will have about 20,000 more votes than Hoyt.

CURTIN AND THE STATE TICKET.

The returns show that Gov. Curtin keeps up with the democratic state ticket in most of the counties in this district, and his defeat is simply owing to the democratic greenback vote that was drawn away from our nominee.

In Union county the democratic vote on the state ticket stands Fertig 1448; Africa 1446; Ross 1449; and Curtin 1448—of course Dill runs ahead in Union, his vote being 1656. Good for the democracy of Dill's county—they have shown the true democratic spirit of devotion to their party and its distinguished nominee, Gov. Curtin.

Wm. E. Burchfield, runs the highest vote and largest majority of any candidate in the county. This is a compliment which is deserved and of which he may well feel proud. He has been a good Register.

The grandest fight the democracy of this county ever made, and the most glorious victory they have gained, was in the campaign just closed. We had to face the radical party, the greenback party, and a faction in our own party that attempted to defeat our local ticket, because of disappointment in getting a place upon the ticket. In the face of all such an opposition combined against us, our local ticket went through triumphantly, and the secret plotters against the ticket in our party find the party got along quite well without them and in spite of their treachery.

Speaking of Curtin's defeat the Philadelphia Times says: Among the many political eccentricities of the late election in this State, the probable defeat of Governor Curtin for Congress in the Centre district is the most unexpected; and yet, with the Republicans and Nationals formally united against him, backed by the exhaustive efforts and means of Cameron, the result is not surprising when the vote is analyzed. While Dill has a large plurality in the district, the united vote of Hoyt and Mason is larger than that received by Dill, and the entire confidence felt in Curtin's success, doubtless prevented special efforts by many of his friends to secure his election. If he has been defeated by the combination, it will be profoundly regretted by thousands of the best citizens of all parties throughout the State, for he would be one of the few men in the councils of the nation to whom all could point with just pride as a Representative from Pennsylvania. It may be deemed a grateful victory to Cameron and his followers who exhausted themselves to compass the defeat of Curtin; but of all the many regrets which will be felt because of the result, none will be so keen as the regrets of the heroes of Curtin's defeat as time, in its inexorable march, makes all things even and calls the mills of the gods to their appointed work. Since Cameron's victory is so nearly complete in Pennsylvania, it may be well that Curtin should not stand as the only exception to his sweeping triumph, and if Curtin has fallen, the recoil will certainly not be delayed or enfeebled thereby.

Hogs are now selling in the Cincinnati market at $2,40 to $3,00 per 100 lbs, gross. The Gazette says this is the lowest price paid within the last twenty eight years, with the exception of 1850, 1851 and 1862. The depression in the latter year was caused by the panic following the outbreak of the rebellion. During the hard times between 1855 and 1858 hogs were higher than they are now.

At a large democratic mass meeting in Reading traitors were read out of the party for trying to defeat the congressman.

The remains of
P GRAY MEEK,
Ingrate and traitor to his party,
dug his political grave in the Big Sandy,
and owned by Cameron.

The yellow fever has now quite spent its force. In Memphis one death and in New Orleans four deaths only are reported.

The Memphis telegraphers stood by one another and died at their post like heroes during the weeks of plague. Out of twenty-five men employed in the service eleven died, nine recovered and five escaped; but inasmuch as there were several newcomers, only one man has had the good fortune to hold his ground from first to last. This man was Putnam, and many a long night while the fever was raging he was the only man in the operating room. The manager, the operators and the clerks went down one after another until he was the only man left to cope with the enormous press of business.

Probably there was never a sharper sermon upon the uncertainty of life than the death of Alexander Smith on 5, at Yonkers, before the votes had been counted which elected him to Congress.

——Parents, mothers, nurses, do not fail to give Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to the little ones for all cases of cough or colds. Costs only 25 cents.

WM. WOLF.

New Goods

LOOKOUT!

A splendid stock of New Goods has arrived at

WM. WOLF'S

—IN THE—

Bank Building.

Prices Are Down.

The stock consists of a full line of Merchandise, carefully selected, embracing all kinds of

DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, ETC., ETC.,

Muslin & Calico are at bottom prices.

FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds.

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

HATS and CAPS.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

NEW GOODS!!!

WILLIAM WOLF, CENTRE HALL, PA.

WILLIAM WOLF, CENTRE HALL, PA.

WM. WOLF.

CHEAP KANSAS LANDS!

We own and control the Railway lands of TREGO COUNTY, KANSAS, about equally divided by the Kansas Pacific Railway, which we are selling at an average of $3.25 per acre on easy terms of payment. Alternate sections of Government lands can be taken as homesteads by actual settlers.

These lands lie in the GREAT LIMESTONE BELT of Central Kansas, the best winter wheat producing district of the United States, yielding from 20 to 35 Bushels per Acre.

The average yearly rainfall in this county is nearly 35 inches per annum, one third greater than in the much-extolled ARKANSAS VALLEY, which has a yearly rainfall of less than 23 inches per annum in the same longitude.

Stock-Raising and Wool-Growing are very Remunerative. The winters are short and mild. Stock will live all the year on grass! Living Streams and Springs are numerous. Pure water is found in wells from 20 to 60 feet deep. The Healthiest Climate in the World! No fever and ague there. No muddy or impassable roads. Plenty of fine building stone, lime and sand. These lands are rapidly settled by the best class of Northern and Eastern people, and will so appreciate in value by the improvements now being made as to make their purchase at present prices one of the very best investments that can be made, aside from the profits to be derived from their cultivation. Members of our firm reside in WA-KEENEY, and will show lands at any time. A pamphlet, giving full information in regard to soil, climate, water supply, &c., will be sent free on request.

Address, WARREN, KEENEY & Co.
106 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Or Wa-Keeney, Trego co. Ks. 25apl0m

1877. OFFICIAL RETURNS OF CENTRE COUNTY. 1878.

CENTRE COUNTY, 1877—OFFICIAL.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS	Auditor General		Governor		Judge		Cong.	Senate		Legislature			Sheriff		Treas.	Prothon'ty	Commissioners		
	Scholl, D	Fransmore, R	Dill, D	Hoyt, R	Mason, G	Mayer, D	Curtin, D	Gephart, D	Caldwell, G	Murray, D	Simler, R	Gramley, G	Linale, G	Spangler, D	Curtin, R	Decker, G	Yearick, D	Burket, G	Harper, D	Snyder, R	Tate, G	Swab, D	Dunkle, D	Green, R	Taylor, R	Gray, G	Lenhart, G
Bellefonte, N W	68	100	84	155	87	157	122	138	133	176	95	116	149	155	35	73	143	57	107	105	171	66	39	92	88	144	82	82	82
do S W	101	68	114	47	41	136	60	115	113	102	79	121	118	93	43	54	58	68	85	124	138	46	43	113	107	82	84	84	84
do W W	14	26	14	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22
Millsburg Boro	47	26	47	26	26	47	26	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47
Unionville Boro	46	26	46	26	26	46	26	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46	46
Howard Boro	96	74	96	74	74	96	74	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96
Philipsburg Boro	141	84	141	84	84	141	84	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141
Benner	57	34	57	34	34	57	34	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57
Boggs	111	69	111	69	69	111	69	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111
Burnside	57	34	57	34	34	57	34	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57	57
Curtin	26	17	26	17	17	26	17	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26
College, old	145	87	145	87	87	145	87	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145
Ferguson, old	190	114	190	114	114	190	114	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190	190
Ferguson, new	50	30	50	30	30	50	30	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50
Gregg	311	186	311	186	186	311	186	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311	311
Half Moon	111	67	111	67	67	111	67	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111
Haines	111	67	111	67	67	111	67	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111
Howard	141	84	141	84	84	141	84	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141	141
Huston	28	17	28	17	17	28	17	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
Liberty	41	25	41	25	25	41	25	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41
Marion	210	126	210	126	126	210	126	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210	210
Miles	223	134	223	134	134	223	134	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223	223
Penn	145	87	145	87	87	145	87	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145
Potter, old	145	87	145	87	87	145	87	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145	145
Potter, new	99	59	99	59	59	99	59	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	99
Rush	174	104	174	104	104	174	104	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174	174
Snow Shoe	148	89	148	89	89	148	89	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148	148
Taylor	29	17	29	17	17	29	17	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29
Union	64	38	64	38	38	64	38	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64	64
Walker	25	15	25	15	15	25	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Worth	102	60	102	60	60	102	60	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102	102
Total	3021	1958	3027	1956	1956	3027	1956	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027	3027

The above table is the vote in detail for the candidates upon whom the most interest was cast here. The total vote of the other candidates in this county was as follows: Auditor General—Fertig, dem., 3022; Scott, rad., 2096; Black, grb., 1656; majority for Fertig, 926. Governor—Dunkle, rad., 1964; Wright, grb., 1644—majority for Africa, 1967. Judge of

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Nov. 14, '78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance;* $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 cents *per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20cts *as formerly when paid by themselves.*

*Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "*John Roe 1 Jan '75*" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the* 1st *of January,* 1875, *and that it is time he was paying the printer.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 289, I. O. of O. F., meets every Thursday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. K. EMERICK, Sec'y. B. D. BRESSLER, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sec't.

——For Pure Deugs go to Zellers Drug store, Brockerhoff row. 14 nov 3m.

——Some rain on Monday night. Weather raw.

——Hon. L. A. Mackey will please accept our thanks for bound copies of the Cong. Record.

——John Conley's new brick house is already under roof.

——Gov. Curtin has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to sit up. His illness was bilious intermittent fever.

——Joseph Baker, esq., of Harris twp, fell from an apple tree, a few days ago, and was picked up unconscious.

——Who sells the new Howe Sewing Machine? Why A. C. Moore, who is the only authorized agent in Centre county. Office, Milesburg.

——Mr. David Meyer, of Aaronsburg, will take charge of the Centre Hall hotel as soon as Sheriff Spangler leaves for Bellefonte. David will make a good landlerd.

——The Bush house, under Mr. Hoppes, is run in first class style, and gaining trade. Guests are all pleased with the rich table and find everything else admirable about the house, and charges very reasonable. Mr. Hartzell, the clerk, is always at hand ready to make you feel at home. Try the Bush house.

——Judge Allison of Howard, is a fortunate hunter. He shot a spike buck, on Thursday 31, on Beech creek. The following day, Friday, he went out again, and shot a large four pronged buck. The Judge tells us that that is about his usual luck. Wish we could hunt with such success.

——The elections are over and somebody has been defeated, but the people are safe so long as money is saved by the low price of Clothing at Newman's in the Eagle Clothing hall—where you can buy cheapest and best Clothing in the county, and this is the reason why Newman is called by all "King Clothier," and he is besides the very prince of good fellows. Go and see him anyway, when at Bellefonte.

——One of our oldest and most respected citizens, Mr. George Hoffer, will leave us shortly. Mr. Hoffer intends taking charge of the State College Hotel. We will miss him and his family here, and College township will make a good gain.

——Pure spices at Zellers Drug store, Brockerhoff row.

——Sheriff Spangler kept a public house many years in this place, and it was a fond stopping place for boarders and others. He will soon keep the large public house in the rear of the court house, and we would caution folks against anything that would make them his boarders there.

——Everybody should try Lamb's Glass and Silver-boll Polish, for cleaning glassware of all kinds; it saves time and trouble, and does its work splendidly. Manufactured by C. Dinges, Centre Hall.

——It is conceded by all that the Howe machine is the most durable machine made.

——Brown, at the depot, Bellefonte, is doing a big trade in grain, for the reason that he pays farmers the highest prices. All kinds of coal always on hand and sold low.

——The best price paid for Cloverseed and all kinds of grain, by L. L. Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co.

A large Government stable at Leavenworth was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. Fifty mules perished in the flames.

——Food greatly benefits when given properly at the right periods, but to overfeed the baby is to sicken it, and induce a degree of suffering; Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy for the discomfort arising from overfeeding the baby. Price 25 cents.

——A fine large bank barn belonging to L. W. Meek of Gregg Twp., Union county, was destroyed by fire on Saturday evening, the 2nd inst., together with contents, consisting of three head of horses seven head of cattle, five or six hundred bushels of wheat, rye, corn, large quantities of hay and straw, harness, wagon, drill, wheel-cultivator and many other articles. Barn on the same property and spot was destroyed by fire about eight years ago. It is supposed to have been set on fire on both occasions. It was insured in the Danville Co.—Telegraph,

——Largest assortment of Trusses, Shoulder Braces, &c. at Zellers drug store Brockerhoff row.

——If you want the best and cheapest cheese in the state, you can get it at Sechler's. If you want the best of any other groceries, Sechler's is always the place to get it sure.

——Mrs. Charles Beck, of Lamar, Porter township, Clinton county, died suddenly on Friday night last of paralysis. Mr. Beck was away from home, and on returning was surprised to find no light in the house. On going into the yard he found his wife in an expiring condition, having fallen over while engaged in milking. The deceased was in the 68th year of her age.—*Watchman.*

——Sweet potatoes at 20 cts per peck, at Sechler's where a fresh supply of every thing in the grocery line is always kept and prices low.

——Farmers, remember that the highest price is paid for all kinds of hides, by Charles Sheffler, at the Centre Hall tan yard. 31 oct 3t

——The Penn's State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, will meet in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, Dec. 10, and will be in session three or four days.

LEONARD RHONE.

——Wm. Wolf is having a big rush since he has opened his stock of winter goods. This is easily accounted for, as he has the largest and best stock ever brought to Pennsvalley and there is none cheaper in the county. Call and see.

——No machine runs as easy as the new Howe. It runs faster than all others.

Godey's Lady's Book, a welcome and cherished visitor in every household it has ever been received, offers the following low rates for the coming year;

One copy 1 year, $2.00. 2 copies 1 year, $3.80. 3 copies 1 year, 5.40. 4 copies 1 year, $6.00. 5 copies 1 year, and an extra copy to person getting up the club—6 copies, $9.60. 8 copies 1 year, and extra copy to person getting up the club—9 copies, $14 25. 10 copies 1 year, and extra copy to person getting up the club—11 copies, $17 00. 20 copies 1 year, and extra copy to person getting up the club—21 copies, $31.50.

We will furnish the REPORTER and Godey's Lady's Book for one year for $3.50.

☞ The new Howe Sewing Machine—a perfect novelty, call at this office and see it. Works like a charm. A. C. Moore, Agt, office Milesburg Pa.

A HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE AND TWO CHILDREN PERISH IN THE FLAMES.

Intelligence from Bellefonte states that a fire broke out there in a dwelling house about 5.30 o'clock on afternoon of 8, destroying the house and its contents. Two little children, Fredie and Agness Jackson, aged three and five years, respectively, were inmates of the house at the time the fire occurred. Although strenuous efforts were made to rescue them they perished in the flames. The head, arms and legs were entirely burned off from the body of the little girl. The boy was burnt into a crisp. The mother is wild with grief. The origin of the fire was not learned.

Since the above was in type we learn that the mother, a colored woman, had gone out to do some washing, leaving the children alone at home. The house stood somewhere in the rear of the M. E. church.

Two children were burned to death on Jefferson street, Phila., this forenoon, 10th their mother having left them in a cradle near the stove, where their clothing caught fire.

——F. P. Green's is the oldest drug establishment in the county. Any thing in the line of fresh drugs, medicines, fancy articles, &c.

——All Salt River parties can get a splendid outfit of everything needed for good grub, by going for the cheap and excellent groceries at Sechlers. You will get coffee, sugar, syrups, cheese, ham, dried and canned fruit, rice, beans, potatoes and other vegetables—Sechler's keep all these and many more, of the best quality and cheap. Pop in to Sechler's before you take the train.

——Stop at Wolf's and see his immense stock of dry goods, all at panic prices.

MADISONBURG.—On last Friday G. W. Reber's hands threshed 420 bushels of oats in four hours; if there is a machine in the neighborhood that can beat that we would like to hear of it. When uncle Ben followed the bear up the mountain he hollered, "stop," "stop", but bruin would not stop. Heard since that G. Grenoble and D. Ertle shot one at that place.

JURY LIST.—The following is the Jury list for November term, commencing Monday November 25:

Grand Jurors.

Bellefonte—Wm. McClellan.
Boggs—Andrew Heaten.
Burnside—Oscar Holt.
Gregg—James Duck.
Harris—Henry Ginghrich.
Howard—R. C. Lashers, William Taylor.
Marion—Isaac Frain.
Miles—H. G. Royer
Patton—W. F. Thompson.
Potter—J. H. Keller, Michael Derstine, Alfred Hosterman, C. F. Herlacher.
Rush—Harrison Ross, J. C. Wasson.
Snow Shoe—George Franel.
Taylor—Richard Newman.
Union—John Musser, J. H. Stover.
Unionville—Isner Leathers.
Walker—Jacob Garbrick, Robert Thompson.
Worth—W. V. Beckwith.

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Bellefonte—Daniel Everhart, H. O. Hoffer, Isaac Mitchell.
Benner—John Thomas, Joseph Eckley.
Boggs—C. Curtin, Ed. Shannon.
College—Peter Schrock, William Goodhart.
Gregg—Michael Hettinger, James G. Evans, John Shook.
Haines—Henry Mowery, C. W. Hosterman, Noah Leitzell, David Bower, Frank Weaver.
Half Moon—Wm. Cole.
Huston—Daniel Yothers, John Q. Miles, E. R. William.
Miles—George H. Royer, H. Smull, jr.
Patton—Sam'l Hornan.
Potter—William Emrick, H. D. Van Pelt, W. W. Spangler, J. H. Odenkirk, H. Boal.
Rush—John Todd.
Spring—John L. Rockey.
Union—John G. Hall, W. P. Fisher.
Walker—J. T. Dunkel, Daniel Emerick, Cyrles S. Beck.

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

Bellefonte—W Jenkins, Charles Heisler, Mert Cunningham, G W Downing, R C Cheesman, D W Woodring, J C Williams, Charles McClure.
Benner—Sam'l Yearick, Christian Dale, Jr.
Boggs—H L Harvey, John Mayes, Fred Moyer.
College—E B Hesson, Austin Dale, J C Bathgate.
Ferguson—C H Struble, G W Hornan.
Gregg—Tobias Bailey, George Corman.
Haines—W J Russel, Israel Vonada, Sr.
Harris—J H Jacobs, David Sparr, M. Hess.
Howard bore—William Mahafee.
Liberty—Beni Liggett, Joseph Bechtle.
Penn—W S Maize, James U Van Ormer, B F Miller, J C Smith.
Philipsburg—C Broadhead.
Potter—J A Dale, D L Kerr, John Messinger, W A Kerr.
Rush—William Bates.
Snow Shoe—Abel Campbell.
Spring—H G Weaver, David Shearer.
Taylor—Thomas Merryman.
Union—James Alexander, Harris Way.
Walker—Philip Gephart
Worth—A B Stevens, Alex. Shellenberger, E R Jones.

REMAINS OF A. T. STEWART STOLEN FROM THE FAMILY VAULT.

New York, November 7.—"The remains of A. T. Stewart were last night stolen from the family vault in St. Mark's churchyard, The casket was found broken, and the body removed. Decomposition of the remains is so offensive that they cannot be concealed. This is apparent from standing at the opening of the vault this morning, consequently it cannot be taken across the ferries without discovery.

New York, November 7.—Early on the morning of October 7, just a month ago, the assistant sexton of St. Mark's church discovered that the Stewart family vault had been tampered with. The stone slab had been removed from its position and the earth dug up several feet. As the slab was not over the opening of the vault, the thieves did not get at the body. The sexton reported the matter to Judge Hilton, who ordered the slab to be placed a few feet from its true position in order to deceive any one attempting to steal the body. A watchman was also engaged, and he patrolled the graveyard every night until very recently. The discovery of the outrage was made at 8 o'clock this morning. The robbers had removed one stone from the opening to the vault, broken the three coffins in which the body was enclosed and carried away the contents, it is supposed in a sack. The ground directly over the entrance to the vault was as it had been left by the robbers. The clay was scattered about, and one of the three stones which covered the opening to the vault was out of place, leaving a small aperture about eighteen inches wide and thirty inches long, through which the persons who stole the body effected an entrance, and after unscrewing the lid of the outer box, which was of pine, went to work on the leaden box, which enclosed the oak casket, with a knife, and gradually cut the cover off. It was then an easy matter to open the casket and take the remains out and hoist them to the surface, where they were evidently placed in a wagon and borne away. The robbers wrenched the plate off the casket and left a small galvanized iron shovel, with which they dug the two feet of earth covering the entrance to the vault away, and a new pocket lamp behind them. The robbery has caused great excitement in the neighborhood, and a large crowd surrounds the graveyard.

A reward of $25,000 has been offered for the capture of the thieves, but nothing for the body, as it no doupt was stolen for the purpose of extorting money.

——Have you a cough, then use Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot, it cures all affections of the throat and lungs, such as colds, coughs, hoarseness, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption. Ask for it at your stores, or send to F. P. Green, druggist, Bellefonte, where all fresh drugs and medicines are kept.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN THE REPUBLIC OF SALVADOR—LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY—ARBITRARY ACTION OF THE AUTHORITIES IN COLOMBIA.

Panama, Oct., 26, 1878.—At six o'clock, on the evening of October 2, a severe earthquake was experienced in the village of Jucuapa and neighboring towns, in the Department of Usulutan, in the southern portion of the Republic of Salvador. Nearly all the houses in Jucuapa were destroyed and many families buried in the ruins, particularly in the outskirts of the town, where the means of escape were confined to narrow streets and where the houses were not so solidly constructed as in the centre. Here the plaza furnished security to the distressed people who were trying to avoid the crumbling walls and falling roofs of their ruined dwellings. At last advices ten bodies had been recovered and many more were supposed to be under the ruins, as many people are missed by friends or relatives. The towns included in the disaster are Guadalupe, Nueva Gaudalupe, Chinameca, Usulatan, the Caserio del Arenal, Santiso de Maria, which is entirely ruined and some lives lost, a condition in which are also found Tecapa, Triunfo and San Buena-Ventura. In Nueva Gaudalupe and Chinameca the ruin is complete, and the loss of life is also to be lamented. San Miguel, fortunately, escaped without injury. The shock which produced the greatest damage was at first a kind of oscillatory movement, which lasted over forty seconds and terminated in what felt like a general upheaval of the earth and was so violent that solid walls and arches and strongly braced roofs were broken and several likepipe stems. The movements proceeded from the southwest to the northeast and are supposed to have been occasioned by an eruption of the volcana of Tecapa.

Government Aid.

The government has begun the work of erecting houses for the unfortunates, and will supply them with food until they are able to provide for themselves. The district which has been devastated is one of the most thickly settled portions of the country. The people devote themselves to the cultivation of indigo, sugar cane and tobacco, are industrious and economical, and many of them were in very comfortable circumstances. The failure of the indigo crop, on account of the locusts, and the destruction of their homes by this dread visitation, are double calamities which should awaken pity and active sympathy for them in the bosoms of their neighbors. The *Idea* of Santa Ana reports that apprehensions exist in the public mind that the volcano of Santa Ana is about to be in a state of eruption, from the effects of which serious consequences are feared.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, Conducted by J. G. Holland.

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is now

MORE THAN 70,000 MONTHLY.

Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations.

Announcements for 1878-9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are the following:

"HAWORTH'S," a serial novel, by Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. It will run through twelve numbers, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, a serial novel, by H. H. Boyesen, author of 'Gunnar,' 'The Man who Lost his Name,' &c. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of 'Falconberg.' This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1763-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series (begun in August with the portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through 'The Great South').

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an 'ex-Confederate' soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to Scribner during the coming year.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for Scribner, articles on the leading Universities of Europe.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall we Spell (two papers by Prof. Lounsbury), The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places (by Samuel Parsons, of Flushing), Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archæology, Modern Inventors; also, Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c.

TERMS, $4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 & 745 Broadway, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS.

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

An Ideal Children's Magazine.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., in 1873, began the publication of St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, with Mrs Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the magizene has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of

OVER 50,000 COPIES.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached its editor's ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day St. Nicholas stands ALONE IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. The New York *Tribune* has said of it: "St. Nicholas has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The London *Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

Good Things for 1878-9.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockston's new serial story for boys,

"A Jolly Fellowship,"

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The story is one of travel and adventure in Florida and the Bahamas. For the girls, a continued tale,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katharine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dielman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of St. Nicholas, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let over five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketchies, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-box" and "Riddle-box."

Terms $3 00 a year; 25 cents a Number.

Subscriptions received by the Publisher of this Paper, and by all Booksellers and Postmasters. Persons wishing to subscribe direct with the publishers should write name, Post-office, County, and State, in full, and send with remittance in check, P O money order, or registered letter to SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, New York.

GREAT FIRE IN CAPE MAY.

Eleven Hotels and Thirty Cottages Burned—Nearly Five Hundred Thousand Dollars in Real Estate Gone.

Cape May, N. J., November 9.—More than one-half of the principal portion of this city was destroyed to-day by a terrible conflagration fanned by a gale of wind from the northwest.

The fire started in the attic of the Ocean house, on Perry street, below Washington the new wing of the Centre house intervening between the Ocean house and Washington street, the main thoroughfare of Cape May. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the Ocean house since the close of the season.

About 40 acres were burned. Eleven of the best hotels, 1000 bath houses and about 30 cottages were burned: Loss about $500,000.

On Saturday afternoon, 2, the residence of Adam Grove, in Kelly twp., Union co., accidentally caught fire and was entirely destroyed. Nearly all the furniture was saved. Insured in the York for $1500.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11.—Wheat is quiet and steady. Sales of 3,000 bushels including poor at 90@95c, red at $1 02@1 03; Corn 46½@47½c; Oats are firm. Sales of 7,000 bushels mixed at 28c. Seeds—Cloverseed is unchanged and sells at 5½@6¾. There is no demand for Timothy. Flaxseed is quoted at 1 28@1 30.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, November 14.—Wheat quiet but steady shade lower, No. 2 red winter 86½c bid for cash. Corn quiet and weak 31c for cash. Oats steady and unchanged; 19½c bid for cash. Rye steady and unchanged 45.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remained filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 27th day of November, A. D., 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The final account of Christian Bechdel and Wm. Pearon, executors of &c of Christian Bierstedl, late of Liberty township, deceased, as filed by Christian Bechdel, surviving executor.

2. The final account of Christian Bechdel, administrator of &c of Mary Bechdel, late of Liberty township, dec'd.

3. The 2d partial account of John and Nathan McCloskey, executors of &c of Joseph McCloskey, late of Curtin township, deceased, as filed by John McCloskey, one of the executors.

4. The first partial account of Samuel Hoover and John Hoover, administrators of &c of Philip Hoover, late of Taylor township, dec'd.

5. The account of Albert Smeltzer, administrator of &c of Christian Raup, late of Boggs township, dec'd.

6. The account of Joseph Ammerman, administrator of &c of John Ammerman, late of Spring township, dec'd.

7. The account of A. E. Clemson, guardian of Emma C. Ray, minor child of David Ray, late of Ferguson township, deceased.

8. The account of Henry Lingle, administrator of &c of Michael Lingle, late of Gregg township, deceased.

9. The account of W. P. Wilson, executor of &c of A. A. Henderson, dec'd, as filed by John Irwin, Jr., and Margaret H. Wilson, executors of W. P. Wilson, deceased.

10. The account of Jefferson Boyer, guardian of Effenger Spangler, minor child of Elvina Spangler, of Stephenson county, Illinois, deceased.

11. The account of John O. McKinley, administrator of &c of William Curtin, late of Boggs township, deceased.

12. The final account of Henry Robb, executor of &c of Daniel Eakin, late of Walker township, deceased.

13. The account of John J. Orndorff and Catharine Orndorff, administrators of &c of David Orndorff, late of Haines township, deceased.

14. The account of William Showers, guardian of Adam J. Garbrick, a minor child of William Garbrick, late of Walker township, deceased.

15. The account of Dr. S. B. Potter, guardian of Dora Boalick, late Dora Jeffries, minor child of Wm. N. Jeffries, late of Philipsburg, deceased.

16. The account of John Hoffer, administrator of &c of Hugh Knox, late of the township of Benner, deceased.

17. The second account of A. O. Furst, executor of &c of George Livingston, late of Bellefonte boro., deceased.

18. The account of F. P. Furey, administrator of &c of Henry Keller, late of Philipsburg, deceased.

19. The final account of Nathan J. Mitchell, administrator of &c of John P. Mitchell, late of Howard township deceased.

20. The account of Jacob S. Reed and Joseph Gates, administrators of &c of David Reed, late of Ferguson township deceased.

21. The account of Samuel Gilliland and Austin W. Dale, administrators of &c of Benjamin Peters, late of College township, deceased.

22. The first and final account of Clement Dale, administrator *cum testamento annexo* of &c of George W. Neff, late of East Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon, deceased.

23 The final account of Joseph F. Williams, guardian of James W. Peary, minor child of John C. Peary, late of Halfmoon township, deceased.

24. The final account of W. L. Wilson, guardian of Jacob Elmer Way, Emily Way, Phoeba Jane Way, Bonner Wilson Way, Ann Elizabeth Way and John B. L. Way, minor children of John Way, jr, late of Halfmoon township, deceased.

25. The partial account of Isaac and Susan Underwood, executors of &c of Jesse Underword, late of Union township, deceased.

25. The 2d and final account of Wm. J. Dale, guardian of Wm. George, Edmund, and Robert F. Waring, minor children of Melinda Waring, late of Harris township, deceased.

27. The first and partial account of Ann M. Baney and J. H. Reifsnyder, administrators of &c of John Baney, late of Gregg township, deceased.

28. The account of Col. John Rishel, administrator of &c of Catharine Stover, late of Gregg township, deceased, as filed by M. L. Rishel and W. F. Rearick, administrator of said John Rishel, deceased.

29. The account of Col. John Rishel, acting executor of Peter Durst, late of Potter township, deceased, as filed by Wm. F. Rearick and M. L. Rishel, administrator of the said John Rishel, deceased.

30. The guardianship account of John W. Richards, guardian of Harrison and Thomas McDonald, as filed by John Q. Miles. W. E. BURCHFIELD,
31 oct 4t Register.

THE SUN FOR 1879.

The Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past. To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The Sun has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American journal.

The Sun is the newspaper for the people. It is not the rich man against the poor man, or the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no privileged classes and no hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican against the dishonest democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives it support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is the Sun's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The Sun has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, frauds, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879, than in 1876, 1877, or any year gone by. The Sun will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, The Sun does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the field will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with profound solicitude by every patriot in America, whatever his political ideas or allegiance. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increasing feebleness of the fraudulent Administration, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthy abhorrence of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its various phases, and to expound, according to its well known methods, the principles which should guide us through the labyrinth will be an important part of The Sun's work for 1879.

We have the means of making The Sun, as a political, a literary and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before, and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remains unchanged. For the Daily Sun, a four page sheet of twenty eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 50 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7 70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of the Sun is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the Weekly Sun, eight pages, fifty six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address

I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of The Sun, New York City.

GUGGENHEIMER'S . . THE LEADING PLACE!

The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS IS COMING IN

AT GUGGENHEIMER & CO.'S, CENTRE HALL, and which will be sold at LOWEST FIGURES. They have an immense stock and well assorted in every line. THEY HAVE

Dress Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO "PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS," INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY FROM HOME. GIVE US A CALL IMMEDIATELY.
26sep 2m KEEPS THE BEST SOLE LEATHER—VERY CHEAP. ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER

NEWMAN King Clothier of Centre county.

IS SELLING Winter Suits $3.50. IS SELLING Over Coats $2.50. IS SELLING Underwear 20c. IS SELLING Boots $1.75.

AND EVERY THING ELSE LOW IN PROPORTION.

I Challenge the County to Beat my PRICES and QUALITY,

AND SHOW AS LARGE A STOCK OF CLOTHING AS I HAVE. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST CLASS TAILORS AT VERY LOW PRICES
3 Oct 3m.

MARRIED.

On the 7th inst., by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Lewis E. Grenoble and Harriet Louisa Gensel, both of Spring Mills, Pa.

On 31st ult., 1878, at Centre Hall, by Rev. J. K. Miller, Mr. Wm E. Grove of Lemont, Pa., to Miss Annie E. Zettle of College twp., Centre county, Pa.

DIED.

On 23d Oct., in Spring twp., Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Tibbens, aged 58 years, 3 months and 24 days.

On the 8th inst., in Boalsburg, Pa., after a lingering illness, Wm. Allen, aged 68 years, 1 month and 7 days.

At Fillmore, Pa., October 25, 1878, Walter Robert Kendel, youngest son of L. B. and N. E. McIntire, of putrid sore throat, aged 4 years, 10 months and 25 days. Now that he is gone his parents and friends feel but too deeply their loss. Sudden, indeed, was the transit from life to death—from time to eternity. The superior intelligence of the little boy attracted the attention of all. He evinced a knowledge far beyond his tender years. The plant of superior intelligence was there, and it needed but the nurture of influence to germinate its flowers, but the ruthless tyrant, Death, claimed him for his own. The cold hand was laid upon him and he withered under the blighting touch. The bereaved parents, brothers and sisters deeply mourn this sad stroke, and as the Shepherd thought more of the one lost sheep than of the ninety and nine which were left, so it appears to the grief-stricken parents that the flower which heaven claimed in the spring-time was fairer and brighter than any that are left to blossom and bear fruit in the chilly atmosphere of time. O. N. M.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS' MEETING.—The Potter District School board will meet at Centre Hill, on Saturday the 23d inst., at one o'clock P. M. All persons having claims to present are requested to attend at that time, as no orders on the treasurer will be issued the week following. By order of the Pres't.
14 nov 3t W. A. KEAN, Sec'y.

Farm—Public Sale

The valuable Farm of Henry Vonada, dec'd, in Marion twp., 2 miles East of Jacksonville, will be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1878, at 1 o'clock, containing

124 ACRES,

more or less, adjoining lands of Calvin Yearick, Joseph Long and others. Thereon erected a 2-Story DWELLING HOUSE, LOG BARN, and outbuildings. A good ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises. Running water near the barn. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and under good fences.

TERMS will be made known on day of sale.
ADAM VONADA.
Executor.

NEW MILLINERY AT POTTER'S BANK.

Miss Florence Marks,

Would most respectfully inform the people that she has opened a NEW MILLINERY STORE at Potter's Mills, and will always keep a FULL LINE OF GOODS at lowest prices.

☞ Ladies call and see her goods,
7 nov 4t

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Isaac Frank, and the Honorable John Dreese, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 1st day of Nov. A. D., 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Aug. being the 26th day of August 1878, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound to recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of July in the year of our Lord, 1878, and in the 103 year of Independence of the United States.
LEVI MUNSON Sher.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The Potter School Tax Duplicate is now in the hands of the Treasurer. An abatement of 5 per cent. will be made on all taxes paid before the first of December; and all taxes paid between 1st of Dec. and 1st of Jan. 1879, the face of Duplicate will be required. And all taxes unpaid after 1st of Jan. '79, 5 per cent. will be added for collection.
W. W. SPANGLER,
31 oct 2m Treasurer.

NOTICE.—The books of I. Guggenheimer and I. Guggenheimer & Co., belonging to the Centre Hall store, will be settled by Isaac Guggenheimer direct. I. GUGGENHEIMER.
31 oct. 4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Stover, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement. JOHN SHANNON,
31 oct 6t Admr.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Philad'a." If your Druggist will not supply send $1 cents for one box to Barrick, Keller & Co., 70 N. 4th St., Phila. Pa.

THE PLACE—S. & A. LOEB.

For 25 years we have been the leaders

IN LOW PRICES,

and for the same length of time have demonstrated the fact beyond dispute, and are selling all classes of goods cheaper than ever.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

SALT, $1.00 PER SACK OF 200 LBS.
SALT, $1.50 PER BARREL OF 280 LBS.
UNBLEACHED MUSLINS AT 5 CENTS PER YD.
DRESS GOODS AT 8 CENTS PER YD.
ALPACAS AT 15 CENTS PER YARD.
LADIES MOROCCO BOOTS AT $1.25.
MEN'S BOOTS FOR TWO DOLLARS.
LADIES BLACK COATS as LOW as $2.50.
With an assortment never equalled in this county.
BLACK all WOOL CASHMERES at 50c.

We carry the largest and cheapest stock of Clothing in Centre county—see our goods before purchasing.

VALENTINES & CO.

THE LARGEST DEALERS IN

-DRY GOODS,-

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

&c., &c., IN CENTRE COUNTY.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat	85
No 2 wheat	85
Rye,	45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	40c
Oats,	22c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Cloverseed,	$8.00 to $8.75
Chop, per ton,	$20.00.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Funny Race.

Two dogs are fighting; cart-horse is startled!
Thinks he will trot!
Rearing and plunging, he suddenly dashes
Out of the lot!

Cart follows after—hardly can help it,
Since it is fast!
Rumblety-tumblety! jiggelty-jumblety
Fly the two past.

Boy drops his shovel; strides along after,
Giving hot chase!
Mooly-cow, whisking, and kicking, and frisking,
Joins in the race.

Bossy-calf, ill-bred, thinks this a frolic
Just to its mind!
After its mother, skipping and dipping,
It capers behind.

Leaving their quarrel, dogs follow after,
Streaking along;
So the procession weak at starting,
Ends very strong.

On they all go!"
Plunging and dashing, shouting and slashing
Jiggling and jumping, creaking and bumping!
Shaking and whisking, kicking and frisking!
Dancing and skipping, rearing and dipping!
Barking and chasing! All the seven racing,
With all of their might, on, on, out of sight!

Folks, staring after, wonder with laughter
Where it will end.
Then suddenly see them return as they started,
Just rounding the bend!

Yet, with this difference, boy now is driving,
And seems to be mad!
But all of the others are still just as happy
As ever and glad.

Back they all come!
Plunging and dashing, shouting and slashing
Jiggling and jumping, creaking and bumping!
Shaking and whisking, kicking and frisking!
Dancing and skipping, rearing and dipping!
Barking and chasing! All the seven racing
Straight back to the lot, where they end up
their trot!

—Flora Forrester.

Theo's Adventure.

"The bugs are eating up all the leaves of the young squash-vines; what shall we do to save them?" said mamma one day.

"Get some toads to stay in the garden, and they will eat up the bugs," said papa.

"But how shall we make them stay in the garden? They will not think those half-eaten squash vines so nice to hide under as some rock to which they are accustomed."

"Oh, papa! let's build a house for the toads, and then they will stay," said Bella, who had been listening all the while. So the matter was decided, and under papa's direction the house was built, something after this fashion: Three flat stones were selected from the garden wall, which Theo, Bella's little brother, drew in his wagon to the plot where the cabbages and squashes were struggling for life. First they dug the cellar. Theo helping with his little shovel, only he shoveled the dirt in, instead of out as he should have done. The cellar was deepest at the back, so that the two flat stones set up for the sides sloped backward, and when the third stone was laid across for the roof, that sloped too, like the roof of a house. They piled earth up at the back part, but left the front part open for a door.

When it was all done, the children surveyed it with great satisfaction. "There, now, that's as nice as can be," said Bella.

"Yes," said Theo, "I can get a toad to put in it. I know where ther's ever never so many."

"Oh, we can find toads enough. There's one right under the front door rock. I've seen him put out in the evening," said Bella.

But it was school-time now, and Bella was obliged to leave the garden and the house for the present. Theo was too little to go to school and he wandered about not knowing exactly what to do with himself, till a bright thought entered his head.

Dinner-time brought Bella home from school, and she went at once to the garden to inspect the toad-house and to look up a tenant for it. Not finding her little brother either in the house or in the garden, she began to be alarmed about the little fellow.

"Mamma, where's Theo?" she inquired returning to the kitchen.

"In the garden at play, I think," replied mamma, who was busy with the dinner, and had ceased to watch him for an hour or so.

"No, mamma, he isn't there, for I have just been there to look for him," said Bella.

"I hope he hasn't run away. Romeo! Romy! where's Theo?" she called, as a large Newfoundland dog bounded into the kitchen.

Romy whined and began to smell around in all directions. Theo's mamma looked very anxious, and his papa, who had just come in, and who took in the situation, followed Romy, who was making his way towards the lower end of the garden.

Beyond the wall which was the boundary line between the garden and the pasture was a joining was a small frog pond which the children sometimes visited when searching for wild flowers.

Romeo made straight for the pond, and papa followed on the run; and it was well they reached it when they did. Theo was found in a sad plight. He had attempted to wade into the water after the frogs, and when he had got in part way, both feet stuck fast in the mud and he could not move at all. He was a brave little fellow and did not cry, but called out joyfully: "Oh, papa, I wanted to get a hop-toad to put in my house, and I my feet sticked in the mud and wouldn't go along."

"I should think so," said his papa as he fished him out. "Didn't you know it was naughty to go to the frog-pond alone?"

"I won't never do it any more, papa," said Theo.

When his papa set him down in the kitchen and told his adventure, his mamma hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, but she caught him up in spite of his muddy boots and kissed him again and again.

"Well, Mr. Theo," said papa, as they sat down to dinner, "I guess we shall have to watch you a little more closely in the future;" but Theo did not run away again that summer.—*Marion.*

Spiders' Eyes.

The more you study into things, the more wonders you will find, even in things so small as the eye of a spider. Eight is the usual number a spider has, and in each branch of the family they are differently arranged to suit their way of life. Those which live in caves, or dark holes, find need to see only before them, have all the eyes in a group on the front of the head. Spiders which live in a web have the eyes raised, so they can see all about them, and those of the family which travel about and hunt their prey, have them more scattered. They are very beautiful, too, looking—under a microscope—like round, polished diamonds.

Music Taken out of a Song.

The latest sentimental ballad is entitled "Give Me the Home of My Childhood." Bless your soul, we'd do it in a minute, but—why, haven't you heard? Old Tadgers closed out three mortgages on it in 1867 and '68, and the next year it was sold for taxes, it was seized for debt in the summer following, then your eldest brother claimed that it belonged to his wife and brought suit in her name to recover, and before that was through they found an old flaw in the title, and in trying to straighten that out it transpired that your grandfather had no government patent on it at all, but had stolen it bodily from the Indians; and now two half-breeds have brought suit to recover the property as the heirs. The house was burned down two years ago, and the neighbors have used the fences for kindling wood; your wife's cousin is trying to get hold of the lot, and your half-brother jumped the property one night, put up a little shanty on the alley corner, and is now in possession. There doesn't seem to be much show for you, but you might file your papers, buy a lawyer and sail in.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Electric Light in Paris.

Several of the wider streets and squares, and about forty workshops in and about Paris, are now regularly lighted by electricity. The avenue leaving from the Grand opera house is lighted throughout its entire length, and presents a good example of street lighting. The lamps are placed on posts, precisely like the gas lamps, except that the posts are taller and wider apart. The lamps are inclosed in large oval glass globes, and beyond this do not differ exteriorly from the gas lamps. As the daylight fades away, there comes, without warning, a sudden flash, and every light in the street is burning with an intense white glare. The effect is like daylight, except in intensity. Every part of the street, the immense traffic in the roadway and the people on the walks, every architectural detail of the buildings to the top of the roofs, every object, however minute, in the windows, the flowers on the balconies, are plainly visible and in their natural colors. The actinic effect is the same as by day, and all colors, both real and artificial, lose their true shades. Every sign on wall or omnibus, the minutest patterns in fabrics and the finest print can plainly be seen. People seated before the cafés read their papers by the aid of lights on the opposite side of the way, and yet the most delicate complexions and softest tints in fabrics do not suffer in the white glare of the lamps. Every stone in the road is plainly visible, and the horses move swiftly along as if confident of their footing. Such illuminating is the perfection of street lighting. Neighboring streets, though more brilliantly lighted with gas than any American streets, appear dark and gloomy by contrast. Besides the Avenue de l'Opera there are a number of theaters, halls and public buildings and shops, lighted without or within, and in each case the electric light has superseded gas or it is used where gas would be too expensive. The appearance of the lamps used in Paris is peculiar. The entire globe seems to be filled with light—no flame or point of light being visible. The color is intense white, occasionally changing to blue or deep yellow for an instant. In some few cases the light is naked, or placed in clear glass lamps. In whatever manner used it is impossible to look at the light for more than a few seconds. This intensity, and the occasional flickering of the light, are said as objections to the electric light. On the other hand, why should any one look at the lamps any more than at the sun, and when not looking directly at the light the flickering is hardly noticeable. In halls and shops the lamp may be placed near the ceiling, or behind screens, so that only the reflected light can be seen, and out-of-doors the lamps may be placed overhead out of the range of the eyes. The flickering comes from a variety of causes, and it is doubtful if it can ever be wholly overcome. The points to secure are a steady motive power (a turbine being best), and good carbons in the lamps. Another objection has been found in the deep shadows cast by opaque objects when lighted by electricity. Careful observations both here and in Paris, in halls, shops and streets, fail to show that this is a serious objection where two or more lamps are used.—*Scribner.*

Lost Forever.

When a man who has any relatives or friends suddenly and mysteriously disappears, the police are quickly placed upon the scent, and all means of publicity are resorted to in order to find him. But now and again an event occurs which lifts a corner of a curtain otherwise kept carefully drawn, and gives us a glimpse of a very sombre and gloomy mystery connected with our society. Women, it appears, frequently—very frequently—are spirited away, and their friends and relatives keep the matter secret, for fear, it seems, lest publicity should bring exposure and disgrace upon them. No one can have failed to have remarked that in almost every instance where the body of a young woman has been found under circumstances that give rise to the suspicion that she was murdered, a contest for the identification of the corpse springs up. For the body of the woman drowned in the Black Bay of Boston, last month, there were no less than thirty claimants; that is, no less than thirty families from whom a young woman had disappeared, and who had kept their secret until this discovery, in hope, perhaps, of the return of the missing ones, and for fear of scandal, now come forward to settle their fears or their hopes. So in the Silver lake (Staten Island) case; no sooner was the discovery of the body in the barrel made known, than it was disclosed that at least four young women, who, in form, features and age, somewhat resembled this mutilated corpse, had disappeared within a few weeks. There is something very unpleasantly startling in these disclosures. They appear to show that vice is far more prevalent in what are believed to be respectable families than had been suspected; that resort to the medical murderers who undertake to shield betrayed women from the consequences of their fall, is extremely common, and that when death ensues the body of the victim is too often so disposed of that detection never comes. For one case that comes to light there are dozens, it seems, which continue to be successfully hidden. Murder does not always out, in these cases at least.—*New York Graphic.*

Dimensions of the Globe.

Its size has been determined, I have no doubt, to within a very few miles, in what appears to us now a very simple manner. In the first place, every section of the earth is bounded approximately by a circle, and mathematicians divide all circles into 360 degrees. Hence, if we can measure accurately the 1 360 part of this great circle, and if, when we have got that measure out into miles, we multiply it by 360, we get the circumference of the earth—that is to say, the whole distance around it. Then by dividing this result by something a little over three (3 1416, the ratio of the circumference of the circle to its diameter) we find out how far it is from one side of the earth to the other. This gives us the diameter of the earth. As a result of a long series of observations it has been found that a degree measures as nearly as possible, on the average, sixty-nine and one-half miles. It can be stated in inches, but it is near enough for me to give as a first statement of result that it is about sixty-nine and one-half miles; and if you take the trouble to multiply sixty-nine and one-half miles, the average length of one degree, by 360 degrees, the number of degrees that there are all around the earth, you will find that the circumference is something like 25 000 miles, and, therefore, that the diameter of the earth is something like 8,000 miles. Mark well the words "on the average." In truth the earth is flattened at the poles, so that the length of the degree varies from the pole to the equator; and hence the diameter in the equatorial plane is in excess of the diameter from pole to pole. These two diameters, expressed in feet, are as follows: Equatorial, 41,848,880; polar, 41 708,710.—*Prof. Lockyer, in Good Words.*

Brazilian Baby Transit.

The work among the Indians is done almost entirely by women, who start out early in the morning with their babies astride their hips, baskets balanced on their heads, and puffing like a diminutive steam engine from small clay pipes. The walk is often three or four miles, and the work hard; yet a long life of this drudgery seems to render it easy, and they make no improvements. Their implements and methods are crude, and, like true Indians in a natural state, they are but repetitions of their progenitors. The custom above-mentioned of carrying babies on the hip is as peculiar as it is ungraceful. The body is thrown much to one side, as in the act of carrying a heavy weight in the right hand. For instance, the child sits astride the left hip, one leg dangling in front, the other behind, and supported by the encircling left arm. A more uncomfortable looking method could hardly be devised, and yet the journey to and from the mandioca plantation is always made in this way, a baby being the proverbial accompaniment of the Indian household.—*Para (Brazilian) letter.*

Ancient Plagues.

The great plague of London in 1665 forms a climax in the history of diseases. It seemed to spend its fury in one fierce effort. It was to come no more. Centuries have passed, and still the fatal scourge that raged without a limit, without resistance, almost to the destruction of the population of a vast capital, has wholly vanished before some inscrutable law, some change of habits, improvement in morals and manners. Often before 1665 it had prevailed in London and England almost with oriental severity, and had slowly made its way over western Europe, devouring a generation in its passage. It began usually in Egypt and Syria, reached Constantinople, overran the continent, desolated Amsterdam and Paris, covered England with dismay. It is curious to notice how all these violent and loathsome diseases are born and nourished in the East, ride slowly westward, decimate, destroy, are the poisonous gifts of a decaying civilization. The black death in 1348 is the most fearful of all. It came from the East over mediæval Europe, slaying whole cities of full people, laying waste and silent the open country, knocking at the cottage and the palace gate. The human race, in the words of the chroniclers, seemed about to disappear; cities as large as New Orleans were nearly deserted; districts of fertile country fairer than Mississippi were tenanted once more by wild beasts. Half the people of Europe, it was estimated, died. It was as if two hundred thousand of the inhabitants of Boston had perished in a few months, half a million in New York. We have nothing in modern times to approach the violence of these ancient plagues; men have multiplied, disease diminishes. It is not difficult to fancy the horror that settled upon the survivors, the terrors of the lonely cities, the forsaken streets, the depopulated, desolate country; the sudden outbreaks of fierce madness that often followed; the flagellants, white penitents, contrition, despair; or the wild revelry that sometimes sprung up in its midst, the shout of riotous merriment mingling with groans and tears.

It was a plague of this kind that came upon London in 1665, so fearful that it could only seem a judgment from above. The hot weather of July roused it to virulence; in August it was fearful; in September the horrors told of it surpass belief. It first appeared with a tumor on the breast or under the arm, hard, painful horrible—the plague-spot. The physicians when they saw the fearful omen would cry, "Lift up your eyes to God!" In a few hours it was fatal. Sometimes the patients sank under a raging fever, headache; sometimes faded away in a swift decline, almost painless; some seemed to die of fright; some hanged themselves to escape it; some were seized in the streets, and died before they could reach their own doors. In September 8,000 persons died weekly, and 60,000, it was believed, were infected.

Whole streets of houses were shut up and abandoned; men fled from each other when they met; the money paid for the butcher or baker was fumigated; thieves wandered through the deserted shops and dwellings, and sometimes died there. Fearful tales were told of nurses who smothered and robbed their patients; of deeds of horror that were never punished; of the infected who ran shrieking through the streets, and fell dead; of homes where all died together. August, September, passed on with ever-growing horrors; in November the colder weather seemed to check the disease, and many who came back too hastily were infected and died. At last, in December, the great deliverance came; the pestilence had ceased.

A Life Saved by Heroic Exertions.

There was a terrible accident at South Norwalk, Conn., twenty-five years ago. The draw over the railroad bridge had been by some carelessness left open, and the engineer, mistaking the signal, dashed on, and down thundered and crashed the train. The loss of life was terrible, and very many were crushed and badly wounded. Even now, after so many years, it is spoken of as one of the great horrors.

People living near by, and others who were attracted to the scene of the accident, worked nobly, and rendered all the assistance they could. Men came in boats, and tenderly lifted the dead and dying bodies from the water, carried them up on the bank, and laid them gently down to be further cared for. Among those attracted to the scene was a stage-driver, a rough man, who was a stage-driver, whose route was between New Canaan and South Norwalk. He saw them bringing up on the bank the bodies of those taken from the water, and one body particularly attracted him. It was the body of a fair young girl, and a strange feeling seemed to tell him that she was not dead. He felt of her hand. It was cold and clammy. Placing his ear over her heart he could detect no beating. Yet something within him said she was not dead. A physician, after making an examination, pronounced life extinct, and urged the driver to assist the others in caring for the wounded.

He turned to go, and again that irresistible feeling impelled him to try to save the girl's life. Securing the assistance of two women, he began a vigorous rubbing of the body. He labored on until the water fairly poured from him. The lazy curiosity seekers gathered around and said it was a foolish task; she was past helping. Nevertheless, on he worked. No change was observed for half an hour, and his heart began to sink. For the last time he began a desperate renewal of his exertions when, for the women had stopped, and as he drew himself up to go away, the girl, with a low moan, opened and closed her eyes. With a rush the blood dashed to his heart, and he almost fainted, and with open-mouth astonishment the throngs again gathered around. After a little attention she was restored to consciousness; her life had been saved.

After she had learned the facts she went to her deliverer, and with tears of joy thanked him.

She was the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and deep was their gratitude. When the girl took him to her home, her mother kissed him, embraced him and cried for joy.

Her father gave him a handsome gold watch and chain and clothing; everything that wealth could lavish on him was done. He was urged to pass the remainder of his life with them; but he declined this, and went back to his own home thankful for their kindness.

This was twenty-five years ago. Regularly every year since then, he has received a present in money sufficient to keep him in luxury for the next twelve months, besides presents without end from these grateful hearts. He has only to express a wish and it is gladly gratified. He lives in his lowly way, and he is an old man now, and slowly drawing near to his end.

Farm Life.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendship with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, be-tow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after you' day's work is done!—*John Burroughs in Scribner.*

FARM, GARDES AND HOUSEHOLD.

Orchard and Garden Notes.

The *Western Rural* says that tomatoes picked when just ripe, and with a portion of the stem retained, and at once covered with brine composed of a teacup of salt dissolved in a gallon of the water, can be kept nearly all the year without noticeable loss of freshness or taste.

A correspondent of the *London Garden* claims to keep fruit in dry sand. He has so kept French crabs two years, and Catillac pears one year. There is no doubt of the efficacy of sand, and low dry temperature in keeping fruit. We have known grapes to be preserved perfectly in this way until spring.

An exchange tells how to keep a calla in bloom, as follows: "My calla has now four blossoms and one bud. I have tried to keep it in a pot, but now have it in a tub about the size of a common water pail. I have dirt within three inches of the top, and keep it filled with water, putting it on warm. The calla is three feet high; blossoms measure five and one-half by six inches."

According to the *El Dorado Democrat*, the superintendent of the Placerville Cal.) foundry has discovered that a blast of cold air is quite successful in drying fruit. The pared and sliced fruit was placed in the cupola furnace, where it was subject to a strong draft of cold air. By this process, in the course of three and a half hours, the fruit was completely cured and with none of that hard, harsh, stiff dryness about it which frequently results from drying by sun heat or fire heat. The idea may be worth elaborating.

A parasitic fungus often produces curl in peach leaves. A judicious cutting back with an application of unleached ashes around the crown of the root, and slaked lime about the remainder, is considered beneficial. Potash is of importance to the growth of tree and assists in preventing curl in the leaf. A bushel of coal ashes piled around the tree has been known to correct the curl and prevent the dropping of fruit without other remedy. The cutting back ought not to be done after the new leaves are out. If it has not been accomplished before the buds are one pruning is best omitted.

According to an exchange, "the exclusion of air is an important desideratum in prolonging the sound condition of apples and pears. It is known that the apples least liable to shrivel or decay contain an unusual amount of gum on the cuticle, closing all the pores. This gummy matter also performs a similar function on the leaves of many plants and prevents them from shriveling in the hot, blistering rays of the sun, by preventing the evaporation of the diffused water. A coating of any substance that will exclude the air will have the effect of preserving apples and pears in a sound condition for a protracted period."

Selection of Seed-Corn.

The matter of selecting seed-corn is a very important one, and as farmers generally are aware that corn for planting should be well dried before the frost touches the leaves, it is to be presumed that most of the seed-corn throughout the country has been secured. Many cultivators go further and say that seed gathered and dried in the husk as soon as the kernel is full of milk has more vitality to withstand cold and damp after it is planted than when allowed to remain on the stock until dead ripe. However this may be in point of fact, corn which ripens earliest in the field is to be preferred, other things being favorable. After having sun-dried their seed the farmers of some sections store it in lofts of smoke-houses that it may become permeated with the odor of meat undergoing smoking therein, and thus gain a protection when in the ground against the depredations of field-mice, birds, worms, etc. The Iowa *State Register*, commenting on this last practice, says that when placed over the smoking meat "the corn is thoroughly saturated with creosote, which is very offensive to many animals, especially to squirrels; and while we do not pretend that it is an entire preventive of the depredations of these rodents, yet the present year it proved almost entirely so."

Having gathered the best and finest seed that can be found by selecting from those stalks which have the most ears, taking the best from each stalk, the first essential point is gained. Having selected large, fair ears, with kernels of a bright, clear color, choose those ears in which the rows are most uniform and regular in size. Take also such ears that taper the least, having their butts very little larger than their tips. Those ears are well filled out at the tips with the grain covering the extreme end of the cob, are much to be preferred. Take the central grain from each ear, rejecting the tips and butts, as it has been demonstrated over and over again that the kernels near the ends of the cob give a smaller yield and an inferior grain.—*New York World.*

Health Hints.

FOR TENDER FEET AND NEURALGIA IN THE LIMBS.—Bathe the limbs and feet in warm bay-water—make it strong—and then apply warm flannel.

HICCOUGH.—Hiccough of a severe and prolonged type has been cured in five minutes by a powerful compression over the epigastrium.

TO CURE SNORING.—People snore because they lie with their heads thrown back, and there is consequently a dropping of the under jaw. To break the habit, sleep with the mouth closed and the chin low.

TO OUTGROW DISEASE.—Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise men may become strong in limb and muscle.

CHANGING THE CLOTHING.—Relative to changing the clothing, it is considered hazardous to lessen its amount after dressing in the morning, unless active exercise is taken immediately. No under garments should be changed for lighter ones during the day, ordinarily. The best, safest and most convenient time for lessening the clothing is in the morning, when we first dress for the day.

Cheap Bone-Dust.

Nearly every farmer has surplus apples, or some other fruit, that the boys of the neighborhood, and especially of the neighboring village, long for. Tell them you will give them a peck of apples for a bushel of bones, and you will have plenty of customers. Then, late in the fall, take a little waste wood, pile it with the bones in a heap, and burn them till they are white and can be pulverized with the back of a shovel. This gives you what is called bone-ash, a powerful fertilizer, and just what is wanted as an ingredient of the compost heap. It is the cheapest way both to get and utilize the waste bones, thousands of bushels of which lie around in every community.

A Cat's Sense of Smell.

Pussy has not a keen sense of smell. A piece of meat may be placed in close proximity to a cat, but, if it is covered up, she will fail to distinguish it. This want is, however, partly compensated for by an extremely delicate sense of touch, which is possessed to a remarkable extent by the whiskers or vibrisse, as well as by the general surface of the skin. These bristles are possessed, to a greater or less extent, by all cats, and are simply great developed hairs, having enormously swollen roots, covered with a layer of muscular fibers, with which delicate nerves are connected. By means of these latter the slightest touch on the extremity of the whiskers is instantly transmitted to the brain. These organs are of the greatest possible value to the cat in its nocturnal campaigns. When it is deprived of the guidance afforded by light it makes its way by the sense of touch, the fine whiskers touching against every object the cat passes, and thus acting in precisely the same manner as a blind man's stick. Put a couple of dozen, of exquisite fineness, and these not held in his hand, but imbedded in his skin, so that his nerves come in contact with them, instead of having a layer of skin between, and some notion may be formed of the way in which a cat uses its whiskers. So puss is not so badly off, after all.

All About Needles.

The first needles made in England were by Elias Krause, a German, who came over in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Before that time Spanish needles were imported; but who taught the the Spaniards to fashion steel needles we do not know. They must have been valuable and expensive, however, for English court history informs us that King Richard III. appeared before his court in a blue satin mantle adorned with innumerable eyelet holes, from each of which hung the needle by which it had been worked, glittering as he walked among his courtiers and their jewels. Scripture speaks of needles and "a needle's eye" eighteen centuries and a half ago, but the oldest needle in the world is in a collection of Egyptian household antiquities; it is five thousand years old, and was taken from a mummy. It was found adhering to an unfinished piece of darning, and was in the tomb of a lady, whose last labor probably was to mend her muslin dress, surrounded by her children, for their playthings—a doll with tow hair and a crocodile with a snapping under-jaw—were also found beside her. The needle is of wood, not steel, fashioned as fine as possible, but sadly clumsy. The thread with which it worked is in it still. The darn, owing to the imperfections of the implement, is less like the darning of to-day than what ladies designate as "herring bone."

After Elias Krause settled in London, in 1565, little improvement seems to have been made in his branch of industry for nearly three centuries. Each separate needle had to be hammered rolled, heated and cooled, pressed and filed. Fifty years ago under this system the population engaged in England in making needles was about fifteen hundred; twenty-five years later, in 1852, after the introduction of better methods and machinery, it was about ten thousand. Needle-pointing was long considered a deadly trade. It was followed by young men, who never were permitted to exercise it before they were twenty, and rarely an instance happened of a needle-pointer living past the age of forty. They were tempted to the employment by high wages. A mask of magnetized iron, to be worn over the mouth, was invented, which arrested the particles of steel thrown off in the grinding before they were taken into the lungs.

All needles are made out of steel wire, which is furnished of various sizes. The wires, having been cut and straightened, are first roughly ground by waterpower, and then pass into the hands of the dry grinder, who sits before his grindstone to pointing each wire while he is making two needles at both ends. A fan wheel as he works drives the deadly dust away from him. The wages of the needle pointer remain the same as of old, but each man is taxed about twenty-five cents a week for the extra expense of life-saving machinery. Next, the two-pointed wires are "guttered" in a stamping machine, and then the eyes are punched. The twin needles are then separated, but they look rough and rusty, and are soft enough to bend with a touch. They are hardened by being heated red hot and then plunged into cold water. They are subsequently tempered by great heat on a metal plate; if they get too little heated they bend; if too much, they break. Lastly, they must be polished. For very superior specie this has to be done six times, for none less than three. The polishing is accomplished in a sort of mangle, by oil, soap and emery. Each polishing requires about eight hours; and when all is finished they have still to be cleaned, dried, sorted and put up for sale.

Seeing The Crater.

Two American girls not long ago determined to ascend to the crater of Vesuvius, and, according to the statement of an Englishman who wrote himself lately a full account of the matter to the *London Times*, a narrowly escaped—not falling in and finding "there was nothing in it"—but being swindled. They were informed at the hotel, and also by a trusty guide, that there was no danger from the condition of the mountain but the journey should be performed at night, as the heat of the day was oppressive. They were advised to be on the cone by sunrise. A gentleman who was a stranger to them, and, perhaps, less plucky, but who proved good company, agreed to accompany them; and the three employed a safe courier, who spoke English. The party went to Pompeii in the afternoon, rested from seven till twelve o'clock, and then, at midnight, after a cup of strong coffee, started out on what they supposed must prove to them a delightful excursion. By three A. M., all were at the summit. The wind howled and blew the sulphurous smoke into their lungs and eyes, and the fires only partly lighted up the darkness. Then the ten Italian guides asked the ladies to descend into the outer crater, in order to compel them to pay a fee for an "extra." They declined to go. The courier was appealed to for his influence to induce them to go. He simply asked them if they wished to go, and upon their saying no, told them so. They became only the more exasperated, and began quarreling with the courier. He remained good natured, but they bantered him, clinched their fists, and then went through a scene which beggars description. Fancy the night, the place, the persons—two ladies and a stranger, with ten Italians bent on robbing them of money—and these demons before the glare of the volcano fighting the courier himself. The ladies had desired to be carried up the cone on the chairs always in waiting, but were asked forty francs each for that service—nearly five dollars for the three; and that in consequence of the conduct of the men no pleasure whatever was derived at the summit. At eight A. M., they reached Pompeii again, glad to be with civilized people, although drenched to the skin by the rain which began at seven, and which they hurried through on horseback in order to be out of the reach of all the scoundrels who seemed to infest the region of Vesuvius.

Counteracting Anæsthetics.

The immense service rendered by chloroform, ether, etc., in the alleviation of pain have been somewhat depreciated by the danger to life incurred in their use, and the numerous fatal cases recorded as the result of their administration. Many efforts have been made to find a rapid and certain antidote, but without success, until a very simple remedy was discovered by the late celebrated surgeon, Dr. Nelaton. His son, while quite a lad, was in the habit of amusing himself by catching mice and harnessing them to toy carriages like horses. In attaching them to the miniature vehicles they frequently bit him, and he induced his father to give him some chloroform to enable him to perform his operations without the inconvenience of being bitten. On one occasion, having administered the anæsthetic, he raised the little animal by the tail in a perpendicular direction, when it immediately turned and tried to bite him. He mentioned the subject to his father, who, upon reflection, considered that the explanation was due to the fact that the brain, while being asleep is almost destitute of blood, but that on the position of suspension with the head downward having been attained, the circulating fluid rushes to the head and awakens the animal. Not long after he had an opportunity of testing his theory. Two eminent surgeons had to perform an operation at Saint-Germain-Laye, and requested the assistance of Dr. Nealton. He happened to miss the train, and when he arrived by the subsequent one, the proceedings had already commenced. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and the medical men feared from the symptoms that a fatal result might ensue. Dr. Nelaton at once advised that the head of the patient should be hung over the side of the bed, and the feet raised in the air. The experiment was successful, consciousness returned, but, upon the person being replaced in bed, all the somnolency recurring. The trial was repeated, and after a suspension of ten minutes, head downward, the effects of the chloroform were entirely dissipated. So simple a remedy is one which may be of invaluable assistance to medical men, and may be the means of saving many lives.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

As John J. Morris, a New York alderman, was walking up Sixth avenue early in the morning, a man suddenly confronted him and, stabbing him rapidly three times, disappeared in the darkness. Alderman Morris made his way to his home where he was attended by physicians, who found three wounds in the vicinity of the heart, none of them, however, necessarily fatal. The wounded official was unable to describe his assailant accurately, and could not tell why he had been attacked.

One of the heaviest bank robberies that ever took place in this or any other country has just occurred in New York, where the Manhattan savings bank was entered by a band of seven masked burglars and robbed of nearly three million dollars in securities and money. The thieves entered the bank janitor's room—according to the story told by that individual—handcuffed him and his wife and forced him to surrender the keys of the vault and the secret of the combination of the lock. They then entered the vault and remained there nearly three hours, breaking open the safe and rifling it of a portion of its contents, carrying away $2,747.7 0 in securities and $11 000 in cash. Most of the securities taken were not negotiable. The bank officials issued a notice stating that in order to prevent loss to depositors no payments would be made within sixty days. The police stated that the whole affair was one of the most remarkable and mysterious in the annals of the department.

Sylvester Seals was instantly killed and John Reardon fatally injured at the Thomas Iron Company's mines, high Bridge N. J., by falling one hundred feet down an old shaft.

Another bold robbery has been committed in New York—the victim this time being a lady. Mrs. Clarence Ogden, proprietress of a fashionable boarding-house on Fifth avenue, had retired for the night, shortly after seven o'clock. Some time afterward she was awakened by a noise in her room, and on looking up she saw two men, with masks over their faces. Before Mrs. Ogden could give an alarm the intruders clapped a towel saturated in chloroform over her face, and she became unconscious and did not regain her senses until nearly noon the next day. After rendering their victim helpless the thieves ransacked the apartment, stripping it of money jewelry and other valuables. They took one diamond ring from Mrs. Ogden's finger and cut the stones from another which they could not get off. Early the next morning Mrs. Ogden was found in an unconscious condition, and that was the first intimation the people in the house had that a daring robbery had been committed in their very midst.

Four hundred pounds of nitro glycerine in a magazine at Pequea Pa., exploded, killing the owner, S. O. Gotham and an employee, John Fowler, and dangerously wounding Henry Frank. Mr. Gotham was picked up dead without a mark upon his body, while Fowler was blown to atoms, only a finger being found, and that was two hundred yards from the scene of the explosion.

Four men were being lowered to the bottom of a shaft (350 feet in depth) of an iron mine at Robertson, Pa., when the drum became disarranged. The engine was reversed, but in doing so the teeth were torn from one of the cog wheels of the drum, and the bucket carrying the miners was dashed to the bottom. As soon as possible after the accident ropes were procured and two men were sent down the shaft to render assistance. At the bottom the unfortunate men were found all breathing, but badly injured. The ropes were tied around their bodies, and one at a time they were drawn up as carefully as possible. None of them escaped without broken bones and severe internal injuries. One died soon after reaching the surface, and two others died a few hours after being carried to their homes.

The schooner Florence, Captain Tyson, has arrived at New London, Conn., from her Arctic voyage. Captain Tyson doubts the existence of an open Polar sea. He says there may be water at the pole, but believes it is choked with immense quantities of floating ice.

Western and Southern States.

In a affray near Marshallville, Ga., John Anderson was stabbed and probably fatally wounded by Henry Mellen (colored), when Anderson afterward shot twice, killing him instantly.

At a fire in a coal oil refinery, near Baltimore, Robert Dinsmore and William Smith were burned to death and Lewis Lebrun was horribly roasted.

The Virginia and Georgia State fairs—the first held in Richmond and the latter in Macon—opened the other day.

A difficulty occurred near Mount Juliet, Tenn., between Winfield McWhirter and John Cloyd (colored), caused by a dispute about fox hounds, claimed to be due Cloyd for pasturing cotton. Cloyd shot McWhirter and killed him. A writ for his arrest was issued, and given to Constable Frank Warfool to serve. James McWhirter, Dr. Raymer and John Osborne were summoned to aid him in effecting Cloyd's arrest. The posse, in the course of the search, came to the house of John Williamson (colored), and discovered that Williamson was heavily armed. He was placed under arrest. The posse proceeded toward Greenhill, hoping to meet Cloyd on the way. When near the residence of John T. Graves the officer met Cloyd and tried to take him in custody. Cloyd shot Warfool, who then returned the fire as he fell. The ball struck Cloyd in the forehead and he immediately expired, as also did Warfool. Two friends of Cloyd shot Dr. Raymer in the thigh and arm, inflicting severe wounds.

From Washington.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the commerce between the United States and Brazil during the year ending June 30, 1878 was as follows: Value of domestic exports (all merchandise) $8 610 646; value of imports (all merchandise, except specie $1 763 621) $12,972 026. Total value of foreign exports to Brazil (all merchandise), $776 158.

Mr. J. A. Williamson, commissioner of the general land office has completed his annual report. It shows that during the last fiscal year 8,686,178 acres of public lands were disposed of, and 8 011 871 acres were surveyed in addition to the 721,613 748 acres previously surveyed. The total number of acres of public domain still unsurveyed is something over one thousand millions. The disposals were mainly as follows: Homestead entries, 4 618 533 acres; timber culture entries, 1,870,434 acres; desert land entries 340 553 acres; cash entries 877 555 acres; grants to railroads 696 340 acres; swamp lands patented 2-4,926 acres; other grants to states, 82,192 acres; total, 8 686 536 acres. The increase of cash receipts over 1876 77, $569 567. These figures show a great increase in the quantity of land taken up by the class of actual settlers as home-steaders for their own use, and a corresponding decrease in the purchase of timber culture. Commissioner Williamson recommends in regard to lapsed railroad grants that Congress shall either declare the grants forfeited and restore the lands to the general support of the public domain, or extend the time for the completion of the roads. An increase in the working force of the office is called for.

Auditor French, of the bureau of railroad accounts, has reported to the secretary of the interior that the president of the Central Pacific railroad refuses to submit the books of the road to inspection and to render such accounts as have been called for under the law passed by the last Congress. Formal notice of the refusal will be transmitted to the attorney-general, with a request that legal proceedings be taken on or the act. The penalty for the violation of the law is a fine in each case of neglect or refusal of not less than $1,000 nor more than $5 000.

Foreign News.

General Grant was a witness to the attempt upon the life of the king of Spain.

The workmen connected with five large shipbuilding establishments on the Clyde, in Scotland, have struck against a proposed reduction in wages.

The Glasgow house of John James Wright & Co. is bankrupt, with liabilities reaching $5,000,000 and meager assets.

The field army with which the ameer of Afghanistan will cope with England numbers 50,000 infantry, 12 000 cavalry and 200 cannon.

Among the recent bankrupts in England is Edward Payson Weston, the American pedestrian, with $5,200 of liabilities.

At a meeting of the British cabinet, Lord Beaconsfield was seized with an epileptic fit the nearly terminated fatally.

The Mexican minister of public works announced that the government is about to nominate a commission to organize a special exposition, to take place at a convenient early date, for the exhibition exclusively of American and Mexican productions, the same to be held in the city of Mexico, under the direct auspices of the government.

The directors and other officials connected with the broken Glasgow bank have been committed for trial on charges of fraud and theft. Several prominent officials connected with the institution have fled.

Driving Nails by Machinery.

The New Zealand *Times* says: One of the most simple, and at the same time most ingenious, implements on view at the exhibition is an invention of a young man in this city, a Mr. F. Falkner. It is called a "nail gun," and is used for nailing down flooring boards. We have seen the implement in use, and as far as we are able to judge it is quicker in its work, and insures greater cleanliness, than hand nailing could do. The apparatus is not unlike a gun in shape, and is about the same length. It is kept in position with the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in an aperture at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom, and then the operator draws up a rod and by one downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the board beneath. A practiced hand, by this simple contrivance, could do the work